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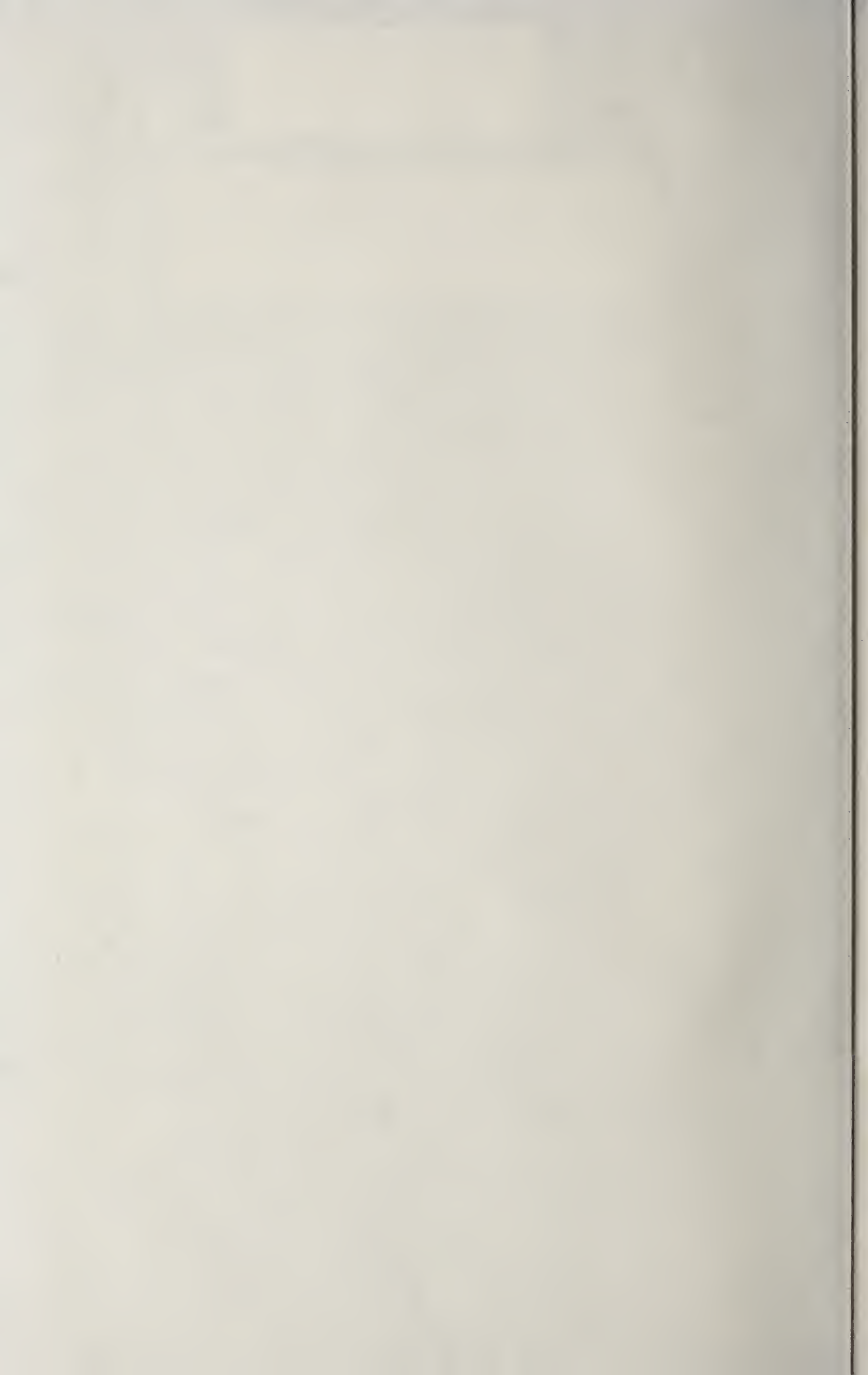
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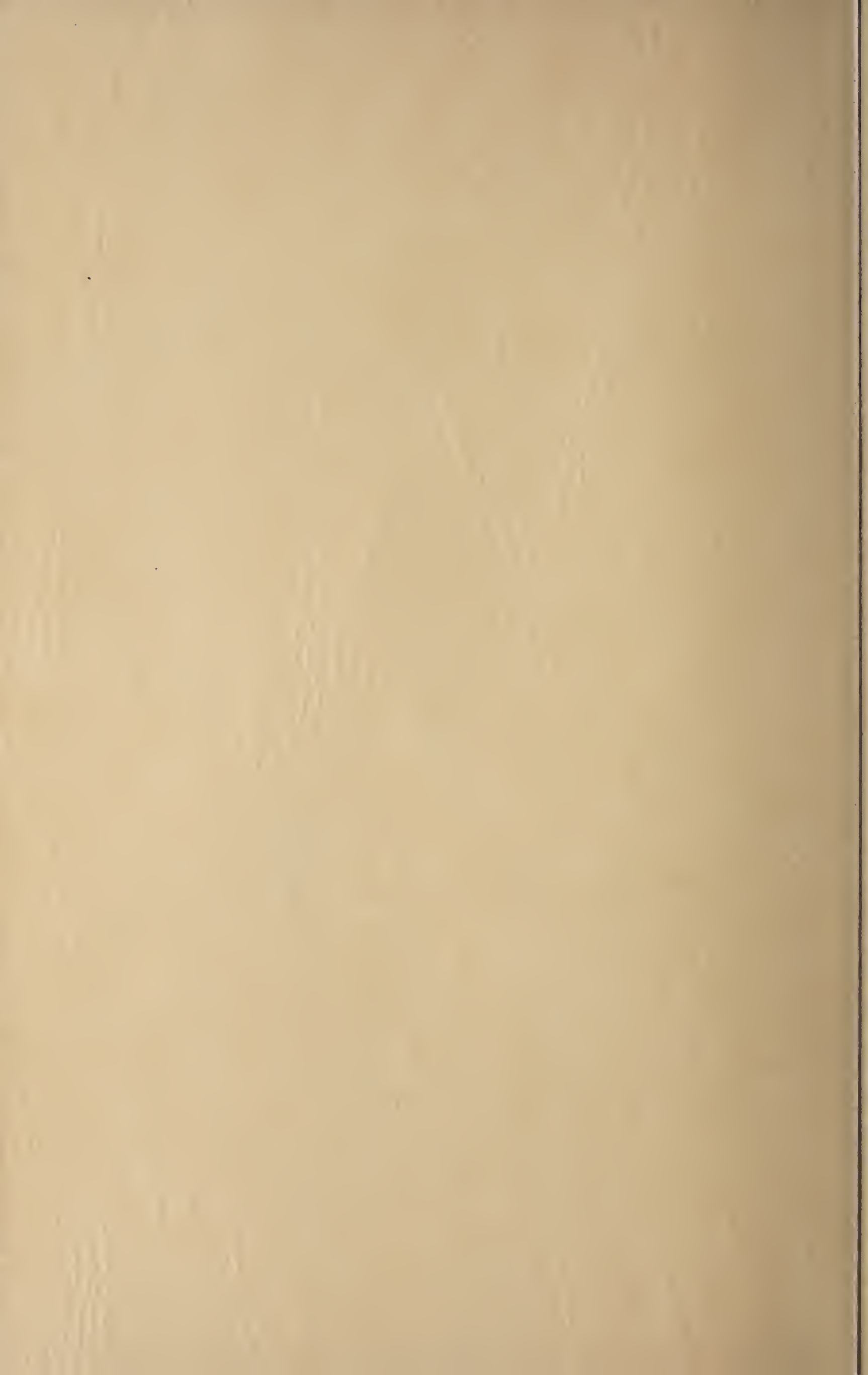
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*The Story of*  
**DURWARD'S GLEN**



By  
**MARY GRACE TERRY**



# THE STORY OF DURWARD'S GLEN



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The  
Story of  
**DURWARD'S GLEN**

By  
MARY GRACE TERRY

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*DEDICATED*

*to the*

*Most Reverend Father Charles Mansfeld, O.S.Cam.*

*Superior General of the Order of St. Camillus*

*St. Mary Magdalen Church*

*Rome, Italy*

*and to the*

*Very Reverend Father John Mingen, O.S.Cam.*

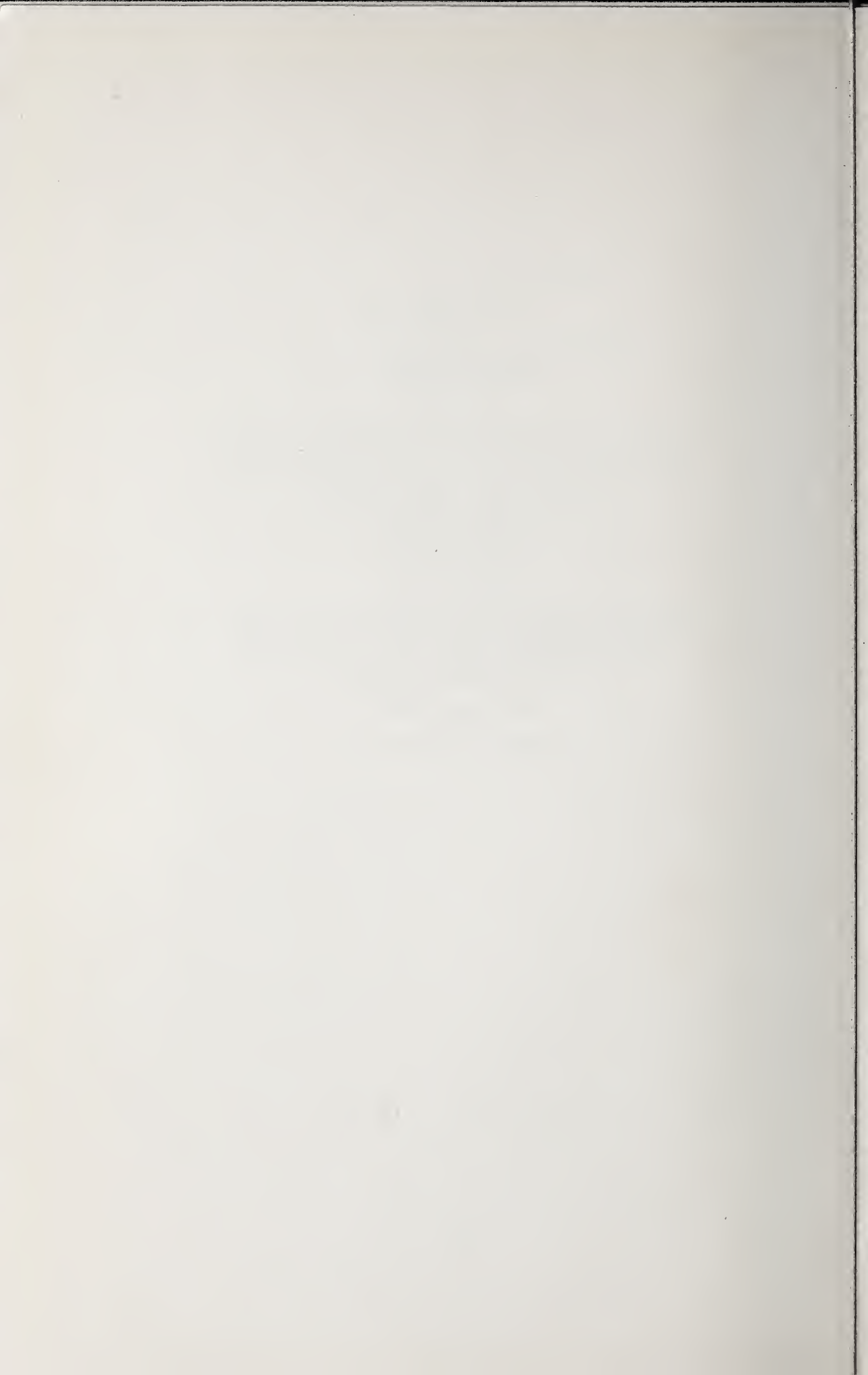
*Provincial of the Order in the United States*

*St. Camillus Novitiate*

*Durward's Glen*

*Baraboo, Wisconsin*





## PREFACE

As visitors to Durward's Glen increase there is need for its history and its story to be told again—a story which began almost one hundred years ago.

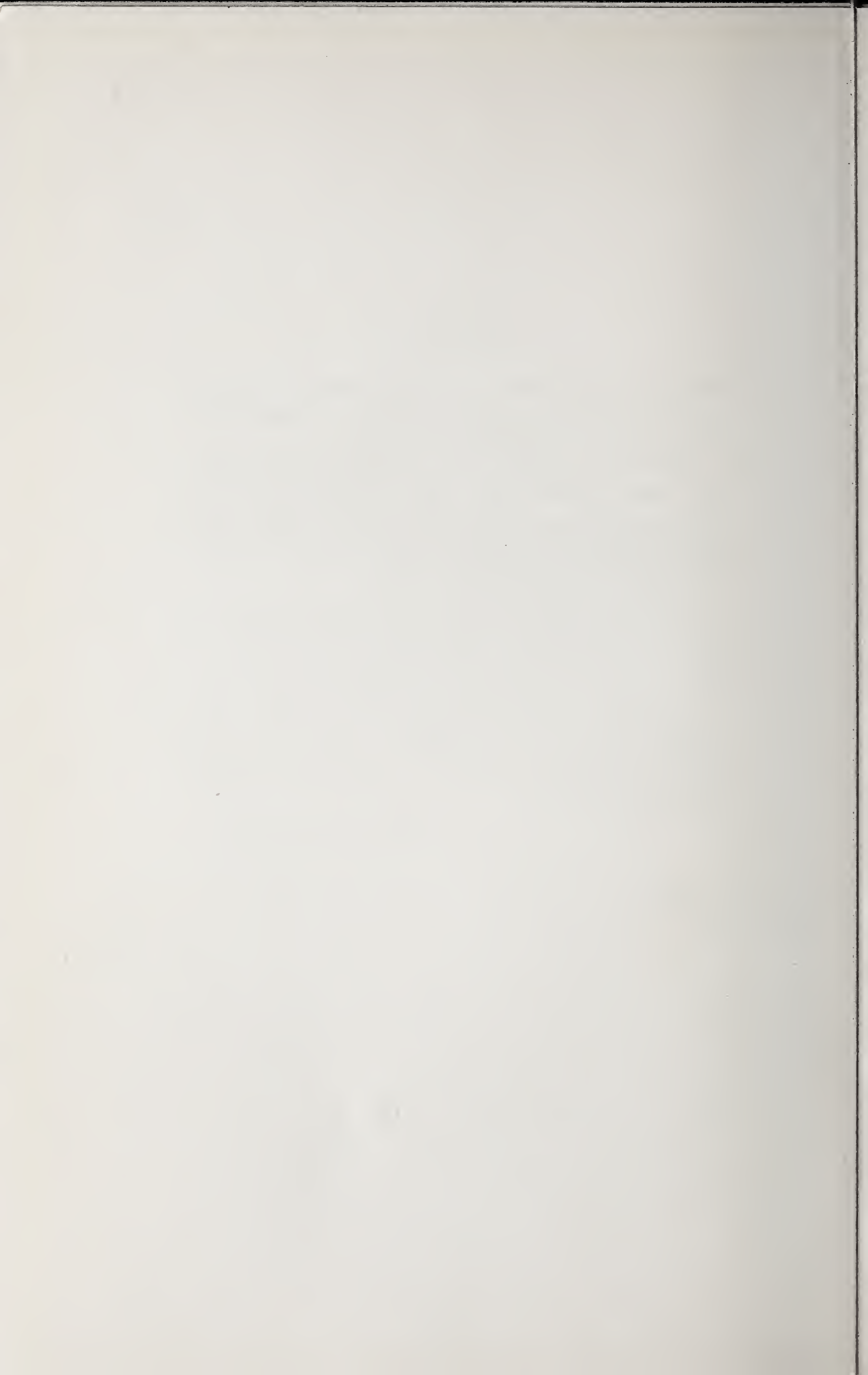
The books in which the Durwards wrote of their joys, their sorrows, their work, and their great love for their home, are out of print. And so I have been asked by the Camillian Fathers, who now own the Glen, to compile this record for the future.

Parts of this will be taken from the Durward writings, for who could tell the story of their pioneer days better than they? Parts will consist of memories of them, and of events in their lives which they told to me.

It has been a pleasure to record this story both for a beloved priest of many childhood memories—Father John T. Durward—and for my friends the Camillian Fathers and Brothers.

—MARY GRACE TERRY

Feast of St. Camillus  
July 18, 1958





### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful thanks are due to Right Rev. Monsignor Peter Leo Johnson, S.T.D., of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, and to Herbert Rice, Ph.D., of the Marquette University History Department, for authenticating the historical data; also to Right Rev. Monsignor Theodore Thome, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Portage, for permitting me to study old records.

Thanks are also due the Rev. Father William Johnston, O.S.Cam., of St. Camillus Hospital, Wauwatosa, for directing the publishing of this story.

I thank Miss Hannah Gardner of Milwaukee, whose mother, Margaret Hutchinson Gardner, was a niece of Mrs. Durward, for her approval of family data. And to all who allowed me to examine archives, maps, etc., so that this story would be as accurate as possible, I am grateful.

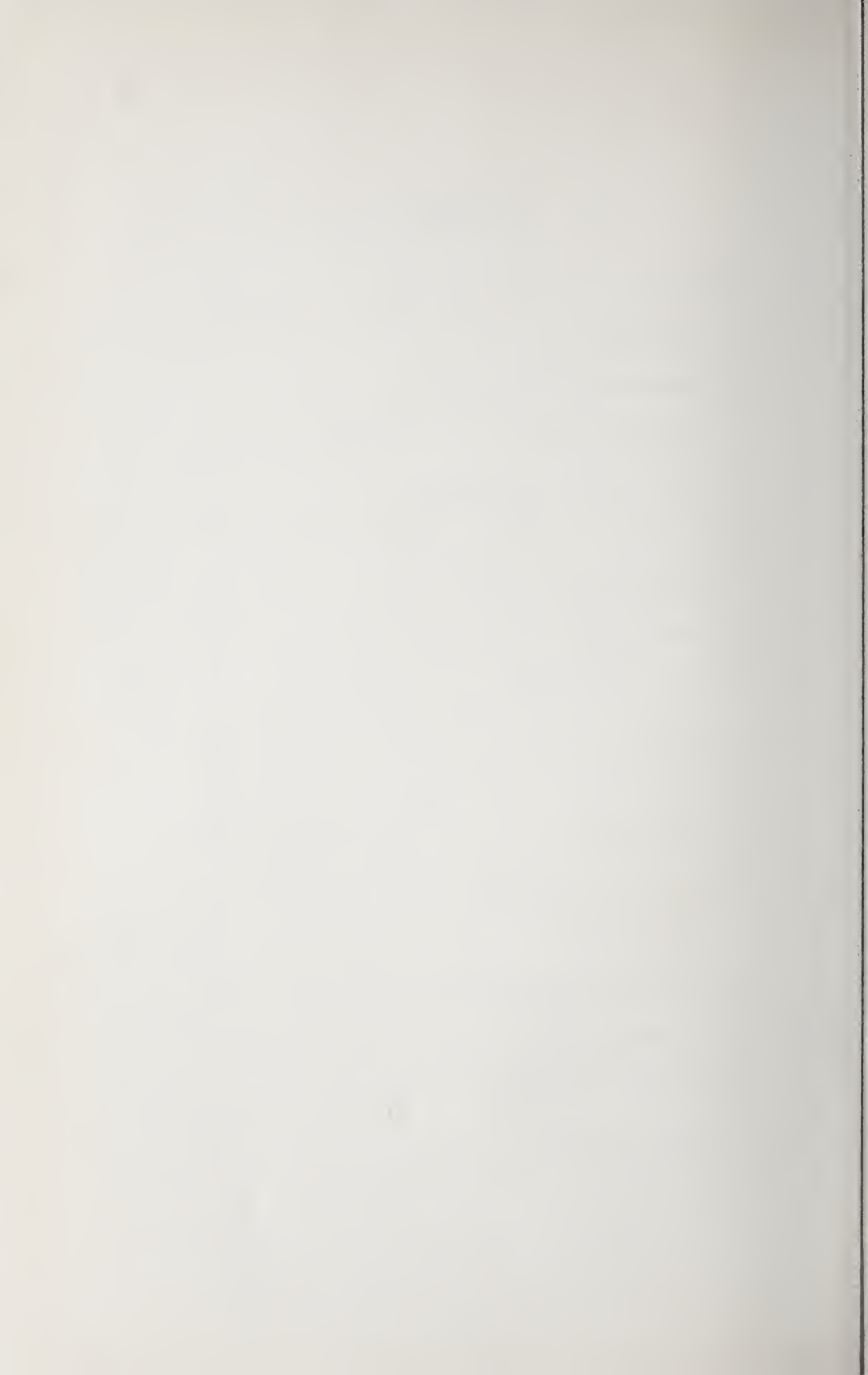
—MARY GRACE TERRY



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## FOREWORD

This is the story of Durward's Glen and of those who have made it their home through the years.

It will recount the story of Mr. and Mrs. Durward and their trip to Milwaukee from England in 1845; their trip to the Glen, which became their home; and the heritage this pioneer family gave to Wisconsin.

Today we hear a great deal concerning, not only the education of the gifted, but appreciation for those who have special gifts. In that long ago time the especially gifted people were many times called eccentric. That designation was given the Durwards, by those who were busy grubbing the trees to ready fields for planting, and doing more practical work.

The Durwards were interested in writing poetry and music, painting pictures, studying the Fauna and Flora at the Glen and in the never ending beauty found there, as the seasons arrived and departed.

Mr. Durward was the author and publisher of the first book of poems published in Wisconsin.<sup>1</sup> He edited and published the first "Catholic Magazine" published in the Middle West.<sup>2</sup> He formed the first art society in Wisconsin. The papers were incorporated, but it did not reach fruition. It was a beginning. He painted pictures of lasting merit. He is the author of a truly American epic, "Colombo."

Mr. Durward was a lay professor at St. Francis Seminary when it was organized in 1856, and was very instrumental in the education of the clergy of that day. With so little formal education he was a scholarly man.

With the help of his sons and neighbors he built one of the first churches in the Baraboo River Valley,<sup>3</sup> "St. Mary's of the Pines," and as a final gift, the home he and his family loved, has been given to a religious Order, old in history and tradition. As this is a story of Durward's Glen, the Durwards' arrival there, the situation of the Glen geographically is part of this foreword.

Nearly one hundred years of history have been written since that first

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<sup>1</sup>"Wild Flowers of Wisconsin" published in 1872.

<sup>2</sup>The Milwaukee Catholic Magazine published in 1875.

<sup>3</sup>"All Saints" in Dellona, a beautiful little church with an exquisite altar built by families from Ireland whose descendants are sad that it has been abandoned and neglected, was the first church in the valley.

day of November in 1862 when Bernard Isaac Durward, his wife Theresa Margaret, their sons Charles, John, James, Wilfred, and Andrew, arrived at the place *now* known as Durward's Glen and the St. Camillus Novitiate.

They were two days coming from Milwaukee in a small wagon drawn by one horse. The horse, "Old Nell," was a gift to Mr. Durward from his friend Mr. Alexander Mitchell, the grandfather of the famous aviator, "Billy" Mitchell.

Charles carved a cross ("yon sacred symbol in the stone") in the large stone at the entrance to the Canyon, and the family took possession on that beautiful feast day, "in the name of all the saints."

It was a near wilderness in those Caledonia Hills, many of which were covered with virgin timber. Fortunately a small settlement was nearby. It consisted of the mill of Mr. Alexander Prentice, his home, the large front room of which housed a general store and the post office. Letters sent to the pioneer folks in these hills were postmarked "Radisson, Wisconsin." There was a blacksmith shop and a small schoolhouse, both made of logs.

The home of Mr. Prentice remains, also the large stone with "Prentice" upon it in front of the double doors of the old 1862 Post Office and General Store. It is now the farm home of Valentine and Francis Senger. The country road is now situated, in part, on the old mill road.

The nearest village was Merrimac, six miles away. Here was located the "Ferry House," one of the well-known Taverns of stagecoach days. Here the villagers had high hopes of a great river trade as large boats moved up and down the "Old Wisconsin."

The nearest town was "Portage City" twelve miles away with its Wau-bun trail from the Fox River to the Wisconsin, its old Ft. Winnebago, its Indian Agency House and its fascinating stories of men known to history: Fathers Marquette, Joliet, and Mazzachelli, the Astor fur trader and Indian interpreter—Pierre Paquette, Major Twiggs, Jefferson Davis and others.

It was necessary for Mr. Durward to return to his teaching duties at St. Francis Seminary to earn a living for his family, and so his courageous wife and her children remained here. It would have been difficult today. What was it like nearly one hundred years ago?



## The Glen

---

The Glen proper is forty acres of land consisting of hills, valleys, and a canyon in miniature.

In this canyon between steep walls flows a spring-fed brook. As it leaves the Glen in its rambling, it is called Prentice Creek. Its constant erosive wearing since those eons ago, when the great ice sheet covered this part of the country, has caused this canyon.

At one time there was a picturesque overshot wheel on its highest level and falls, which ran a shingle mill, and also made barrel staves. In later years its force has pumped water through that oldest of water pumps, the Water Ram.

The trout love its clear cold water and its springs force their way continuously at the "Weeping Ledge" through its green, green moss in summer, and through its ice in winter.

When storms come, this quiet little singing brook becomes very noisy and high. For many years it has been carrying the top soil from the lands which it drains, and during a storm this is particularly noticeable and true.

In 1920 Wilfred Durward wrote, "The Glen changes so fast from the forces of vegetation and decay! The ceaseless wearing of the water is transforming it as I write. This record of today may not be true tomorrow and may be valuable for that reason. We all look forward. We must even if we would not. It gives us the best visions of life." In the same manner this record may also change with the future years.

### *First Tenants*

Into this beautiful spot came the First Americans, the Red Men, as tenants. Here lived and loved another race of human beings. The smoke from their wigwams, the campfires of their councils were seen many times in this valley. The carefully aimed arrows and the deadly tomahawks whistled through the forest.

It must have been a happy home for them. It was sheltered. There was good water and a perfect place for hunting and fishing.

Here, too, *they* worshipped and from many a Red Man's heart went up a prayer to the Great Spirit. This child of nature knew not the

God of Revelation, but a Great Spirit whom they saw in every evidence of the Universe.

All this has passed away. The campfires are out, the Red Men departed long ago. But they left their wood paths and their arrowheads imbedded in the ground for those who came after, to find and keep as mementos.

The scene changes. The players also, and the United States Government becomes the owner of the Land of the Red Men. It is recorded that a certain William Hunt bought from the United States Government land in Columbia Co., Wisconsin, for \$1.25 an acre.

He sold forty of these acres to a man by the name of George Mearns. Mearns was born in Scotland, came to Providence, Rhode Island, and then to this Scottish settlement in the Caledonia Hills. The forty acres which he bought constitute the Durward's Glen of today.

On the banks of the brook between the four basswood trees and the present footbridge he built a two-room habitation. It was built of lumber and logs, the shakes on the roof made with a few of his making. Below, and to the right of the position of the "Guardian of the Glen," he built his blacksmith shop. It was partly a dugout into the hill. His shop was meticulous. He made every tool and even the nails. He made his own charcoal, cooked his own food. Usually a pan of wheat could be found soaking in the brook. He was a real pioneer and lived the life alone and was called "Auld Geordie" by the Scotch neighbors.



## *chapter two*

### The Durwards Find the Glen

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To be more specific and to refer to the foreword, there are at least two recorded trips of the Durwards to the Glen before the family took possession. Mr. Durward and his brother Martin went to Stevens Point, made a raft and came down the Wisconsin River. After they passed the Ferry landing, Martin recalled that a Mr. Alexander Prentice, who had been a friend in Scotland, lived nearby. They tied their raft at a point on the river which is visible from the little white church on the highway to Merrimac, and walked over land to see their friend.

In the early evening Mr. Prentice took them to see "Auld Geordie" and the Glen. "Geordie" was bending over a pan of wheat in the brook, and Mr. Durward with his love for the beautiful was very much impressed with the lovely white pines (at the picnic grounds), the weeping ledge, and the song of the brook. He had been thinking of changing his home in the city for one in the country. And so he asked "Geordie" if he would sell. The answer was an abrupt "no." To temper this he said, "I have been a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for relatives since I was a boy. Here I can live in independence." And so he was left to his soaked wheat and solitude, and the stranger, Mr. Durward, went back to his city toil and cares.

The record says that some time later B. I. Durward with his sons Charles and John went to Portage City, made a raft and came to Merrimac, visited the Glen and old "Geordie."

Evidently the idea of selling had made an impression on Geordie for he came to the miller one day and said he would sell, if he could keep six acres. "He would have the rest to look at." So a letter from the miller at Radisson went to Milwaukee to Mr. Durward and told about the plans. Geordie would sell thirty-four acres for \$150.00. The deal was completed and while the Durwards took possession of the Glen on November 1, 1862, they could not move in until Geordie's house, which he was building farther down the stream, was completed. He built across from the studio built by Charles. Mr. Prentice owned a small house to the right of the road leading out of the Glen. It was north of the mill dam, and one-fourth of a mile from the Glen prop-

erty. He offered this house to the Durwards until Old Geordie's new house was completed.

We know little of that winter, but we know the children went into the Glen to play, that Charles was doing some art work with crayons and that they had moved back to Geordie's original house by the brook for Easter. Wilfred tells of the Easter eggs being colored with lichen, log chips and onion skins. He also tells of the terrible storm which developed during the night; the lightning and thunder were terrific. Before too long, the melting snows with the rain had caused the brook to rise rapidly and rush through the house. The sleepers quickly dressed by lightning and found refuge in the little hillside smithy, making many trips for furniture and food. "The house by then" he tells us, "was a queer sight. The cellar trap door floated upon its hinges and a confused medley of carrots, beans, onions and turnips were thrown hither and yon. It was sixty feet wide at the mouth of the brook."

Mrs. Durward told John and Charles to see if Old Geordie was all right. He was very deaf and she feared he might not hear the waters and be swept away. The boys called and told Geordie he "must get up as there was a flood." He looked out the window and then went down to the foundation and said, "Well, six foot of water, foundation secure," and added, "It might be well for other folks to tend to their own business." The boys came home very crestfallen. Some years later Geordie returned to his relatives in the East. Father John Durward on his last trip to the Glen with a group said, as he sat in the picnic grounds, "I never look down the path to the parking place but in memory I see Old Geordie, bent, with his hands behind him, walking up and down the path." He lived on the fringe of the children's lives. He wanted to see them but not to be intimate with them. Wilfred writes, "There was a time when Old Mearns really belonged to our landscape at the Glen, then a time when he was gone and inquired about, and a strange stillness brooded over his house. Then the house itself disappeared and there remained only the cellar hole. The last bone, hard oak timber he wrested from the woods, the last stumps of the trees he felled, have disappeared. The marks of his chisel still pass for the imprints of pre-historic bear tracks on a huge sandstone boulder by the stream. A grapevine is trellised on the site of his forge and the oldest inhabitants of the woods and streams have forgotten him."



## chapter three

### Wild Rose Farm

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In the interim Mr. Durward had bought the six acres from Geordie, paying more for them than for the original thirty-four. He had also bought forty acres, a mile and a half over the hills. This was called "Wild Rose Farm," because of the hedges of roses which bloomed there. A house was built, but while that was in the process the log house had been swept and mopped and dried, and the family lived there. In September, 1863, a great event happened in the lives of the family. Born in this log house on St. Thecla's Day was a baby sister whom they named Mary Thecla.

The family then moved to Wild Rose Farm where attempts at farming were made, while the Durward home was being built.

After the return to the Glen and the new home, Wilfred tells of the first picnic, probably the first one ever held at the Glen. A flat-topped rock served as a table, the pictured and scalloped cliff for background. It was the first of May and a little white statuette of the Virgin Mother, "Queen of the May," was niched above the stream and that most beautiful of litanies, "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God" was chanted to the murmuring brook and the silent astonishment of the birds. Then the feast began. "Four walls could not contain us today," he writes, "and so laden with the midday meal, we had invaded the solitude that was hereafter to be so close to our hearts."

The "Roof Tree" of the Durwards was a steep clapboard cottage with Gothic windows. A small porch was on the front over which grew a sweet briar rose planted by Mr. Durward. The roots are still there.

In his book, *Historic Midwest Homes*,<sup>1</sup> John Drury, a Chicago newspaperman, whose hobby is "Old Houses," selected sixty-seven homes in twelve central states for his book. He wished to show in this book that the East was not the possessor of all the Old Homes.

One of the nine selected in Wisconsin was the Durward home. He says, "Bernard I. Durward forsook Milwaukee in 1861 for a Glen near Merrimac. An artist and convert to the Catholic Church, he devoted himself to writing poetry and painting natural scenes, and to his faith. His simple clapboard cottage smothered in flowers in summertime

<sup>1</sup> Published by permission of the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

attracts vast numbers of artists and religious pilgrims."

The fireplace contained the axle of the wagon which brought the family from Milwaukee, also the "Bishop's Chair," so-called because it was the chair in which Bishop John Martin Henni sat for his portrait. It was given to Mr. Durward, the artist. Every Bishop of Milwaukee had sat in it up to Archbishop Samuel Stritch, the late Cardinal, and, lately Bishop William O'Connor of the Madison diocese, in which the Glen is now located.

Memorable scenes have taken place in this old house, happy occasions and sad ones, for "in the midst of life there is death."

Many noted visitors have rested here after visiting the Glen. Charles Longfellow, a brother of the poet, Henry, had been so impressed with the beauty at the Glen that he sent bulbs of the *Narcissi Poetici* from the poet's garden. They have been propagated through the years and still bloom in all their beauty today.

The old Durward Garden was in the form of two wheels, one within the other, and four paths to the rims. Beautiful roses bloomed here and they were sent to Mr. Durward by Mr. Whitnall, who had a nursery in Milwaukee. Whitnall Park is named for him. There were many perennials including beautiful forget-me-nots of an unusual shade of dark blue.

The large spruce trees<sup>2</sup> were very small trees when planted by Mr. Durward and John, and did not shade the garden. When Mary Durward returned and wished to reclaim the garden she decided on the shape of the Greek "D"—△—, the father's pen name, and moved it into the sunshine.

This was a very beautiful garden also; roses at the angles, *mertensia* in the spring, perennials, the evening primrose and many others. There seemed to be a succession of bloom until the Michaelmas daisy, purple asters and Scotch thistle were taken by the frost.

A feeling of sadness and nostalgia came over the old friends when the house burned to the ground, due to a defective chimney, in 1951. Fortunately, the "Bishop's Chair" had been taken to the novitiate with other articles of value and was saved. The axle in the fireplace has also been preserved and some day the home may be rebuilt.

<sup>2</sup>It had been thought that the gnarled tree was a European larch. On authority of Prof. Richard Evans of the Botany Department of Wisconsin University, it is also a Norway spruce.



## *chapter four*

### Poet, Painter and Professor

---

Montrose in Scotland and the nearby Grampian Hills are known for their beauty and loveliness. In Montrose, on the 26th day of March in 1817 was born Bernard Isaac Durward, the youngest of five children. He was three months old when his father was drowned. Life was very difficult for his mother, and it was necessary for her children to work at a very early age. Bernard was eight years of age when he went twenty miles from his home to be shepherd boy in the Grampian Hills. His son, Father John Durward, believed that the quiet, peace and



*Father In His Garden*

solitude (for silence can be eloquent too), inculcated in him the great love of beauty which was to be expressed in his poetry and painting later in his life.

After a short period here, he was taken to an orphanage in Montrose. Here he learned to read and obtained the fundamental tools necessary to become educated. "Some one taught him to read and read he did." When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker and learned the trade. "Each boy," his son writes, "was required to show a certain amount of work at the end of the week." Isaac would toil like a galley slave the last three days to compensate for the hours he had given to the secret study of history, poetry, and the work coming from his contemporaries.

The pre-Victorian poets were singing when he was a boy—Byron, Moore, Scott, Burns, and the Lake School—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southy. These had passed away in his young manhood and were replaced by Browning, Tennyson, Keats and Shelly. In America Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, and Emerson were singing. The last two he knew. In those days, his son says, "Nothing good was looked for to come out of the West, any more than from Nazareth in those other days," hence writing was discouraging.

He was a contemporary with Coventry Patmore, whom he visited in 1878 at "Hastings by the Sea," Aubrey De Vere and Cardinal Newman. The latter's prose overshadowed that wonderful poem "The Dream of Gerontius." He corresponded with them all, and received an autographed photograph from Cardinal Newman.

Prints were also borrowed from the art school and copied, laying the foundation of the art which was to be his living, portrait painting.

The story of his marriage is told in the sketch of Mrs. Durward, and his trip to America. "He landed at the Milwaukee docks having come from New York by the lakes and canals in the absence of railroads, with one English shilling to begin life on. Nothing daunted, he followed a prosperous looking man down what is now North Water Street and bargained to paint his picture for a barrel of flour. That man was Mr. Tymothy Dore."

At this time Mrs. Durward's relatives, the Hutchinsons, were living in Neosho, Dodge County, Wisconsin. He preempted land here at \$1.25 an acre. Indians were plentiful; Cooper's Tales, the popular reading, and it wasn't a place for a young wife and children. His profession needed a more populous locality, so he rented a home in Milwaukee. After a short time he felt the call of the wild beauty of the Milwaukee



River and bought a place near Humboldt Avenue. This was sold and the "Octagon Log" was built four miles nearer the city. The Octagon House was situated on the land now called Gordon Park. When the Park House was rebuilt the original log house, insulated with early newspapers, was found.

During these years Mr. Durward was painting portraits. He had arrived with references as to his ability from a member of Parliament, Mr. Shirley, whose family portraits he had painted. He had a studio downtown. He knew the early settlers prominent in Milwaukee history. He had painted the portrait of Solomon Juneau, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Kilbourn, the Furlongs, Dahlmanns, Schleys, Hathaways, Alexander Mitchell and others.

Joshua Hathaway commissioned him to paint, not only his own picture, but that of Bishop Henni, first Bishop of Milwaukee. This was for the State Historical Society.

It was at this time that he became converted to Catholicism. A friend said, "While you took the Bishop, he took you." His son, Father John, says "There was no struggle, no heroism in the change. It was simply the grace of God."

"Through the darksome ways of error  
From that terror  
By the hand of mercy lifted  
Into light."

He was living in the Octagon Log House when he received the gift of faith. This was in 1853. His wife and sons soon followed. He painted a beautiful painting in thanksgiving. The two-year-old Emma Theresa passed away and his thoughts were very much turned to spiritual matters. He wrote the poem "To the Milwaukee River" at this time. A few of the lines were:

"But will remember, though Thou cease to run,  
That by thy side the great and blessed Creator  
Took my sweet child, and gave—His only Son."

Another trial was in store for him. His eldest son, Bernard, fell into a decline, to which physicians could give no name, and died. These lines were viewed as a thank offering:

"Dear Firstling of my little flock  
In tribute to the Master paid."

The remains of the two children were interred (after burial on his land at the time of their deaths) in the old Catholic cemetery, which was located across from the Archbishop's residence on Wisconsin Ave-

nue, from 19th to 24th and back to Michigan. This was the Old Calvary. The bodies were later removed to Calvary cemetery where they are buried in the Gardner-Durward lot (not far from Solomon Juneau's grave). A stone in their memory is erected in the Durward lot at Durward's Glen. There are portraits of them in the art gallery at the Glen.

So true and beautiful did the faith appear that Mr. Durward thought he had just to reveal it to his relatives and they would enter the Church. Not one of Mr. Durward's relatives ever became Catholic, although many of Mrs. Durward's did. There are four in the family who are nuns: Sisters Mary Ursula and Judith are Sisters of Mercy, Sister Mary David, a Dominican, and Sister Mary Edward, a member of the Glenmary Order.

Each day Mr. Durward went to his city studio to paint. His canoe was tied near Gimbels. He has written a poem concerning a trip home at twilight on the Milwaukee River.

The sun hath gone down,  
And all the clouds that round him played,  
Are melting into deepest shade  
A monarch and his courtiers flown.

Now I in this wicker work canoe,  
Of birchen bark, by Red Man made.  
I, having crossed myself and prayed  
My homeward journey may pursue.

He continues describing the "bold steep banks" which are filled with gloom, the "shadows by the water's edge, moveless."

The fragrance of the wilding rose  
Breathes sweetly from the hidden banks  
Like one who gives, nor cares for thanks  
But does his good, when no one knows.

All things are full of thought and quiet  
From weed and tree to sky and star  
They lift my heart and soul afar  
From city dust, and din and riot.

As he nears Gordon Park and home he says:



But younder is the star I love!  
The light from my own window gleaming  
Where prattling voices, bright eyes gleaming,  
More than the lamps of Heaven my spirit moves."

How did the new faith affect his poetry? His son, Father John, says, "He had ever loved beauty, physical and moral. His greatest delight was the perception of the correspondence of things earthly with those heavenly, of the natural with the supernatural." The beauties of nature take on a new radiance when "every forest bush is aflame with God, and every tree seems to exclaim Holy, Holy, Holy." One critic wrote of him, "The religious exaltation of spirit touched his poetic work at once, lifting and etherealizing his conception of the beautiful in nature, and binding these beauties to things divine."

Dr. J. V. Huntington of the "Leader," St. Louis, a man of high literary attainment, and a literary critic, praises his poetry and very especially a poem written in May, 1855, under the title *May*.

This poem formerly appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel. He says, "We have had many sweet hymns and lyrics this month to the loveliness of May and in honor of its Immaculate Queen. This piece is in the finest spirit of classic English poetry and is worthy of its brightest age." It was signed "Porte Crayon." He also praises the "Indian Summer," "Sunrise" and "Sunset."

Many odes were written and tributes to friends. One fine one is "Solomo" written of the funeral of Solomon Juneau at the Cathedral of St. John in Milwaukee.

One sees the sun out of the dawn "strike the Cross on John's Cathedral Spire . . . the flags at half-mast on harbor ships." He hears "the bells tolling solemnly from many a tower" as "the City gratefully sends her thousands forth."

"To pay the last sad tribute to his dust who planted her," there follows a beautiful description of Solomo's character, his "resting in the Church" the "Dies Irae" and then

The rites are paid, the eulogy said  
The secret prayers for his soul's repose  
The lights are out, the long procession moves  
Strains of mournful music swell and fade.  
Up the streets bayonets are seen  
The nodding hearse is out of sight  
And Solomo is gone."

There are personal odes to Father Marquette, Burns, Scott, Captain Barry (of the ill-fated Lady Elgin), Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, J. H. Dahlmann (103 years old), Alex Mitchell, also a play "Christina" and an American epic, "Colombo."

Between 1852 and the breaking out of the Civil War, fifty of his best short poems were printed in the Milwaukee Sentinel, The Crayon of New York, and the Leader of St. Louis under the pen names of Bernard and Porte Crayon.

In 1856, after many struggles and a stupendous amount of work, St. Francis Seminary in Milwaukee was opened at Nojoshing, now St. Francis.

Mr. Durward was asked to be one of the first lay professors on the faculty. He taught English and elocution for \$200 per annum. I find his program written in his own handwriting.

Preparatory Class: Simple Reading and Spelling.

First Class: Reading Etymology, Syntax and Declamation.

Second Class: Reading, Composition, Gesture, and Prosody and Heathen Mythology.

Third Class: Rhetoric and Debating.

Lecturing and Reading in Shakespeare and New Testament.

Mr. Durward worked very faithfully in the education of priests. He made every effort to enrich their vocabulary, to have them know the best in Shakespeare and the masters in English prose and poetry. He was very instrumental in the education of the clergy in those days.

"He was a most agreeable conversationalist and though no logician appeared to get the better of an argument often by the sophism called 'ignoratio elenchi' that is proving not the thing that was affirmed, but something resembling it, though different, the point at issue being forgotten in the discussion and the laurels going to the best talker."<sup>1</sup>

His salary was so inadequate that to support his family it was necessary for him to paint altar pieces in his spare time. He painted in monochrome a very fine crucifixion group for the Seminary Chapel. The St. Francis in the refectory is his work.<sup>2</sup> He taught painting to the School Sisters of Notre Dame, then recently established in Milwaukee under Mother Caroline Friess, a most remarkable woman.

<sup>1</sup> Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter Leo Johnson, D.D., in his "Halcyon Days." This is a history of the first one hundred years of St. Francis Seminary. Everyone interested in this fine institution, which has ordained so many who have taught the tenets of our faith in this state and others, should own a copy of this book.

<sup>2</sup> This may not be their positions since the new buildings have been erected.



In 1862 the Durwards were taking possession of the Glen which became very dear to them. However, Mr. Durward remained at St. Francis teaching for a short while. He was anxious to leave the city. The Civil War was on. His sympathies were with the South. He believed the slaves should be bought, and the Union should not be split.

He spent many happy years at the Glen, always the hospitable and gracious host to visitors. Probably his finest piece of verse, "St. Mary's of the Pines" was written here, according to critics. The death of his artist son was a real sorrow to him—they had worked together on a few of the altar pieces. The Durwards lived the life of pioneers at the Glen. He raised many varieties of grapes. However, they were satisfied with little. In his beloved Glen he could live so near nature and her loveliness. He wrote that "he was glad that he could enjoy little simple things; and in perpetual gratitude and wonder for God's Providence in his regard."

He was growing old in these last years of the 80's. His eyesight dimmed and the diseases of old age both mental and physical were creeping upon him.

He died two years later March 21, 1902 in the faith which had been so dear to him.

At his request his casket was carried by the pallbearers from the Glen cottage to the chapel on the hill. (That is an old custom in rural Scotland.)

As the procession wound its way up the hill, the priests chanted the Office of the Dead. He is buried beside his dear ones in the Durward lot.

On one occasion Cardinal Newman sent a copy of "Lead, Kindly Light" to Mr. Durward written in his own hand. This was sung by the Melzls not only at his grave but at the graves of all but Andrew and Mary.<sup>3</sup> So we shall wish in those other words of Cardinal Newman:

"May he comfort us  
all the long day  
til the shades lengthen  
and the evening comes  
and the busy world is hushed  
and the twilight of life is over.  
Then in His mercy  
may He give us a safe lodging  
and Peace at last."

<sup>3</sup> Andrew is buried in Texas. Mary outlived the Melzls.

## *chapter five*

### Mother of Priests

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In the Book of Proverbs we find these words among others, concerning the "Valiant Woman."

"She hath put out her hand to strong things and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom and the law of clemency is on her tongue. Her children rose up and called her blessed." Surely Mrs. Durward fulfilled these qualities of a "valiant woman."

Margaret Theresa Hildyard was born in Atherton, England. Her first recorded remembrance is of her father holding her up in a crowd



*Mother Durward*



so she could see Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo. Then school years, then years as a teacher in the National Schools of England.

Her sister, Mrs. Emma Hutchinson lived in Manchester, England. Mr. Durward had been commissioned to paint portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, and Margaret was invited to come to their home and have her portrait made. She did so, met Mr. Durward, and a short courtship followed. They were married in the Episcopal Cathedral in Manchester, England. Two children, Charles the Artist, and Bernard were born in England.

Years passed on and the Hutchinsons came to America. The Durwards followed. Mr. Durward's mother and her other sons came later.

The early forties was a time of great emigration and certainly a time of great pioneer privations, especially for the women. Wilfred writes: "Not a word did I ever hear from Mother of the horrors of the sailing ship, of the trip into the wilderness (Mrs. Durward's relatives were in Neosho), of fever and ague, lack of food and dread of Indians.

"Then a retreat back to the city—not a complaint of the rough ten by ten shack and a Wisconsin winter—no mention of overcrowding, although this lumber shack sheltered a family of five. This was up the Milwaukee River near Humboldt Avenue, then Riverside and the Octagon Log. Retrospect was unknown to Mother through a long married life. I am sure if she had been in the habit of looking backward, she would have exclaimed, 'It was here that life found me. Though death took my child, here I found life both temporal and eternal.' "

Even when an old lady she was a great walker, and thought nothing of walking the six miles to Merrimac for provisions—nor to Portage, a distance of eleven miles. One afternoon inspired by religious fervor and the Easter season, she started for Portage intending to remain over night for services the next day. The Portage marsh was filled with water from the melted snow. A neighbor meeting her on the road suggested that she return with him because of the condition of the roads. Her religious fervor spurred her on. The water increased so she couldn't go on. She found a place with a tree and some land around it so she decided to stay here all night. Her feet were wet from stepping from hummock to hummock. She walked around this tree all night to keep warm, and rested against it when tired, until daylight.

She didn't get to Church but walked home with very wet feet and "bedraggled" skirts.

Mrs. Durward never discarded the English matron's cap on coming to America. She netted this, of fine thread and changed the style from time to time, as shown in her portraits. Besides this individuality in dress, she had all her dresses made the same way, a plain waist and a plain skirt pleated, full on to the waist. This type of dress is worn by the Sisters of Charity. These dresses had no pockets, but had two pocket holes. The pockets were hung underneath, one on each side and were suspended by two strong tapes from a belt. They were put on each morning as a separate garment. They came in very handy to carry groceries. Mary Thecla told me they always ran to meet their mother when she came from the village. They knew there would be an apple, orange, or something for them in those pockets.

Mrs. Durward brought up her children without help of nurse or servant, making their clothes before the advent of sewing machines. She spun the wool and varied the drone of her wheel by instructions to the little one at her knee. She canned the wild berries, dried the apples, and made use of everything nature could offer for food for her family.

She was a great reader and loved poetry. She used to recite the poems of Adeline Procter, Scott and others to her children. In a letter written to her by her son Father John, which I have before me, he says, "I am sending you a poem which I read at a memorial the Knights of Columbus held for Edward Melzl. You have heard his beautiful voice many times and I am sure you will enjoy it." It was a long poem but in one week she had memorized it, in its entirety.

Mrs. Durward was a very intelligent woman. She had come from a fine cultured home. She had been educated; she taught school, but fulfilled her duty with all the hardships of a pioneer, and was a humble Christian woman.

Netting lace was a source of great enjoyment to her. She had learned this art in England. A bobbin is used and the stitch or knot used in making fish nets. She netted original beautiful patterns as she made hundreds of yards for altar linens, and many, many albs for priests. Wilfred says, "Mother netted albs in her leisure time, free time, and praying time, for over forty years up to the last conscious day before her death."

It became almost a religious rite, as she thought of the host of white albed and surpliced wearers she had helped to array for the



Altar, and the Altars she had helped to spread for the Pasch. There were six of these albs in the Cathedral in Chicago, many in Milwaukee, and one in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. General Sherman's wife sent for one to give to her Jesuit son, Father Thomas Sherman, S.J.<sup>1</sup> She also netted her daughter's First Holy Communion veil. She reared all her children in an atmosphere of Christian devotion and piety.

Mr. Durward's conversion was often written about. His fervor was a thing mentioned with awe by the mother who never mentioned her own, but prayer was as much a part of her everyday life as eating and sleeping, a help in time of need and always a source of gratitude and thanksgiving.

When her son, Father John, said his First Mass, we can hear her singing her "Magnificat," that joyful message of the Providence of God, for her soul surely did magnify the Lord and her spirit rejoiced in Him. One son said of her:

"A devotion never wearied  
A faith never wavering."

Mrs. Durward passed away in Chicago at the home of her daughter Mary, six years after her husband's death. She was brought home to the Pine Hill and rests beside him. Her children called her not only "Blessed," but had carved on her tombstone, "Mother of Priests."

<sup>1</sup>There are two albs made by Mrs. Durward at the Glen, one on display in the Art Gallery. one used by the Fathers on special occasions.

## Father John

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There is so much information to relate concerning the work of Father John T. Durward during his lifetime!

How one apparently frail man accomplished so much in his span of years is almost unbelievable.

Father John was born in Milwaukee, March 7, 1847. His childhood was spent in the Octagon Log home of the Durwards on the upper Milwaukee River. The home stood on the site of what is now the Park House at Gordon Park.

His godfather when he entered the Church was Captain G. Barry, a passenger on the ill-fated Lady Elgin.

As a young man he served Mass for the Rev. Anton Urbanek at the convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee. It is believed that while listening to Father Urbanek's angelic singing of the Preface of the Mass, the thought came to him of becoming a priest. He spoke of it many times to his mother.

Not long after, his father returned to St. Francis Seminary to teach, John entered school there, and began his preparation for the priesthood.

"Always a brilliant scholar, his studies were completed ere his years were adequate." He was ordained a priest of God in 1870 by Bishop Henni, first Bishop of the Milwaukee Diocese.

The record of his first Mass at Christmas midnight written by his brother Wilfred will be found elsewhere in this book. From the archives of the "Register Times Review" of the LaCrosse Diocese, the Rev. James E. Noonan, O.M.I., gives the following information:

"In January 1871 Father John T. Durward came to Tomah, Wisconsin and remained there until October 1884. Father Durward was full of zeal and energy and besides his pastoral duties in his parish and his many missions which included Sparta, Wilton, Ridgeville, Camp Douglas, Clifton, Black River Falls, Roaring Creek, and Pine Hill, he often visited the lumber camps and the crews building the tunnels. Records show seventy-two baptisms for the year 1876. All these travels were on horseback or in a buggy drawn by a horse. These were the real horse and buggy days. He plied the tools of a carpenter, building a rectory at Tomah at the cost of \$800.





*Father John T. Durward*



"Realizing that the heart of the parish is the school, Father Durward set to work, despite great difficulties, to erect one of the first parochial schools in the then young diocese. It opened, under the charge of two Franciscan sisters, Sister M. Ciretus and Sister M. Matilda.

"Father Durward was much loved in the community by both Catholics and non-Catholics. He was transferred to Seneca, Wisconsin where he remained four years. From there he came to Baraboo to take the place of P. J. Lavin."

In Baraboo, a white brick church with house attached was the parish church and rectory at this time. It was on the site of the present St. Joseph's rectory and First Street, which was not opened then. His fondest hope was to build a new church.

Father Durward was a member of the first American pilgrimage to Rome. The members sailed from New York, May 16, 1874 on the *Pierre*, after attending Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral offered by Archbishop McCloskey and receiving his blessing. There were many distinguished men, now remembered for their work, on that pilgrimage. The spiritual guide was Bishop Joseph Dwenger of Ft. Wayne, Father Daley, S.J., and Father Corby, C.S.C., General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. There were 123 in all. They visited Lourdes, and Father Durward who spoke many languages was able to converse with Marie Soubirous, the sister of Bernadette. This was in French and the few words he knew in Basque. Marie and her family were still living in the old prison in which the family had lived. Bernadette was living in her convent at Nevers, suffering great pain with asthma, not knowing of the Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

In his *Recollections of the First American Pilgrimage*, Father John describes, as only he could, the beauties of the approach to the Seven Hills of Rome and of the June 9 audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. He describes the Holy Father's benign expression, his clear melodious voice and his happiness at greeting the Americans.

There were two other trips to Europe, one in 1888 and the other in 1909 when he satisfied his love for the beautiful at the shrine of art in Florence, Venice, and Rome, also two journeys into the Holy Land.

On the last trip he obtained material for his very fine book, "*Holy Land and Holy Writ*." He trod the steps of his Master here, and one goes with him in spirit to Bethlehem on Christmas night, to the Church of the Nativity, and on his visit to Mary's cousin Elizabeth. He was given permission to go into the Garden of Gethsemane in the evening. He went to every historical spot in the life of Christ. To read

his "Via Dolorosa" is to really go to Calvary. On Easter Sunday, "the day the Lord hath made," he was at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He described those who arrive with much emotion in their souls, those who have walked many miles and made many sacrifices for this experience. One of his mother's lace albs was left here.

In the Church of the Pater Noster in Jerusalem there is a large corridor entrance to the Church containing panels. Our Lord's Prayer is printed in various languages on each panel. Father Durward placed one there in the Ojibway Indian language (Chippewa) ("one of the early American languages"). My friends who visit this church tell me it occupies an important place, and guides call attention to it.

His wide knowledge of the Bible was outstanding and particularly in the relation of the Scriptures to the Holy Land where they originated. His breadth of reading, his ability to quote others, to quote poetry, his philosophizing, his ability to differentiate between legend, tradition and reality all show his great intelligence. This trip was made on foot, horseback and camelback.

At the close of these nearly eight hundred most interesting pages he says: "And so we bid reluctant farewell to this wonderful land with the shadows of the centuries in its waters—and the gleam of eternity on its hills."

In Rome he had executed in marble his original design, "Christ of the Compassion." This is in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's in Baraboo. He had been known to carve beautiful designs in wood, in fact he and his friend Gustave Netcher carved the first altar in St. Joseph's. This was his first design to be executed in marble.

While on this trip he obtained many ideas for the beautiful gothic church he built in Baraboo. He had written and published, "Building of a Church," showing the evolution of church architecture through the ages.

Beautiful St. Joseph's in Baraboo is a wonderful monument to him and his labor of love. Every detail was planned, and he labored with the workmen. It would take a separate booklet to describe its loveliness, its storied windows, its wood carvings, its Lady's Chapel with an exquisite marble altar dedicated to the Blessed Mother, designed with the mysteries of the Rosary dedicated and given to the congregation for "Our Lady's Chapel." It cost \$5,000 at that time, and of course is much more valuable today and I hope more appreciated.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to live during his pastorate will never forget his reading of the Epistles and Gospels from the



Scripture, his well-planned sermons, always outlined. We can never forget his reading of the prayers of the Stations of the Cross (in fact there were persons so impressed by the latter, that they became converts in due time). Those prayers were taken from a very old prayer book of his mother's, and are on the Stations of the Cross at the Glen. Also, we will never forget his beautiful singing of the Liturgy of the Mass, the Preface, Pater Noster, and to "Sursum Corda," was the answer of the perfect choir "Habemus ad Dominum."

The choir consisted of Louise McGann Melzl as organist, director and soprano soloist—(her father, Michael McGann, had given the first organ to the Catholic church in Baraboo)—her husband, Albert, baritone; his sister Ida, alto; Charles, basso; and Edward, tenor. They sang the Operatic Masses of those days, the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, the Masses of Brahms, and Farmer, and the beautiful Ave Marias. It was a perfect musical background for that greatest of all acts, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They sang for thirty-eight years and were very faithful. They were not paid, with the exception of the organist, who received \$150.00 a year! They sang for the honor and glory of God. It was perfect harmony in music!

Father John with the aid of a few good women of the parish taught Sunday School every Sunday at 2 o'clock and the children were there. He alone trained the children for First Holy Communion and Confirmation for many years. There were usually between forty and fifty in the classes. Of course, children were older in those days when they received this Sacrament. They were better able to comprehend. They knew the tenets of their faith after his teaching. Usually another priest was called in to examine them at the close of instructions. One of my contemporaries said to me one day, "When I took college classes in religion, I was surprised at how much I had learned from Father John in Bible History at that 2 o'clock Sunday School." He was a very fine teacher.

In 1909 Father John started the first Catholic school in Baraboo. The Benedictine Sisters were in charge with Sister Victoria as superior. It was housed in the old church. In the parish yearbook, June, 1910 (which he printed each year with vital statistics, etc.), he says, "The school in Baraboo has been the object of my most fervent prayers. I obtained from Our Holy Father a special blessing upon it, and its success gives me great comfort. Very few children of school age have been absent, and with added facilities next term there should not be



one. Let us not fail in our duty to our children." And he certainly never failed.

Father John never forgot anniversaries, birthdays or occasions. On a Palm Sunday I saw him at the Cathedral of St. John in Milwaukee in the procession. Later when talking to him he said, "I am back to celebrate an anniversary. Fifty years ago on a Palm Sunday my father received his First Holy Communion at the Cathedral altar rail. While he was making his thanksgiving, a little bird flew on the palm and he wrote a poem 'To a Bird in Church.'" Father took from his pocket the old pages and said, "So I am back to celebrate an anniversary." Who but he would have remembered!

On a trip to California he found that Father Juniper Serra had founded enough missions to make a rosary. He drew the design, named each bead as a mission with the mission bells in the center, and placed it on Father Serra's grave. He is the author of "Primer for Converts," "Sonnets of the Holy Land," twenty-two in all, illustrated by photo-gravures of original snapshots, and a booklet called "Casket of Joys." Here he describes the various joys. One very interesting is that of the "Joy of Duty." "Rejoice when speaking of a duty to be done; there is much 'joy' in doing one's duty."

He also wrote the centenary of his father's poems. His father's epic, "Colombo," was not included in this book.

Father John was definitely poetic along with his artistic and linguistic ability, for he spoke several languages.

He came to the old home at the Glen to say Mass at St. Mary's, or in the art gallery, as often as possible. It was a long hard trip by team in those days. The hills have been cut down considerably since then. He made every effort to be there with a group for "Corpus Christi." How pleased he would be to know the Camillian Fathers have a celebration and procession every year on that day through the paths at the Glen.

He made every effort to discover an Order to take over his beloved Glen. He could not think of it being held by strangers to whom traditions were not.

Father John retired after forty-one years as a priest. His farewell to his congregation, his gratefulness and appreciation for their affection and cooperation were very beautifully expressed.

He bought the old home on Fifth Street which had been built by Terril Thomas. He called it Burr Oaks. It is now the home of Judge Henry Bohn.

His desire to retire and write did not begin as quickly as he hoped, for the Bishop asked him to be chaplain at St. Francis Hospital in La Crosse. He was here for two years. Later he took over the Black River Falls parish on Sundays, one of his old missions of early years. The war was on and there was a shortage of priests. He was ready to do his part, for faithfulness to duty and his God was part of his life.

His had been a busy life filled with devotion to God, to those under his care, to his aging father and mother, to every one who needed him. There was never a task too difficult. He lived that beautiful prayer of St. Ignatius:

“Dearest Lord teach me to serve Thee as Thou deservest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest, to labor and not to ask for reward, except that of knowing that I am doing Thy will.”

I was with Father John on his last trip to the Glen. His cousin Hanna Gardner was my guest. It was August 1918. He seemed frail that day and as we walked to the Durward lot he said, “Here is where I shall lie and wait the Judgment Day.” In one month his remains were there.

My last memory of him is the Sunday before he was taken ill. He sang the High Mass and I have never heard him sing the “Preface” and “Pater Noster” more beautifully. It was the last Mass he sang and it remains a cherished memory.

There was a mission at St. Joseph’s and he sat in the sanctuary as the Father began his sermon by reciting the lines of Francis Thompson’s famous “Hound of Heaven.”

I fled Him down the days and nights  
I fled Him down the arches of the years.

Father John followed the words with pathos in his expression. He loved and appreciated this great Catholic poet, and the great poem of the soul fleeing from his God, only to find Him waiting.

In a few days he had passed away, on September 18, 1918, the supposedly first case of the dreaded influenza of that year, in Baraboo.

It had been his custom to save a candle each Candlemas Day to be lighted around his casket. These were lighted around his bier, an alb netted by his mother was worn over his cassock, and boughs from the trees of his beloved Glen served as decorations. He was buried in the Durward lot at the Glen, and on the Durward monument (which he had placed there) his epitaph is engraved, written by his brother Wilfred.



He wrought in words  
And builded of stone  
And by grace in the hearts of men.

He lived richly. An artist by temperament and inheritance, an apostle of the faith, being closer to the Divine Mysteries than is the lot of most men. A real scholar, always nimble and quick, and youthful of heart and mien, though frail of body. A devout Churchman but broad and tolerant of the belief of others, fulfilling Newman's definition of the Christian gentleman, a power for good in the community where he lived generously, and died beloved.

There isn't space to quote his many beautiful poems. A few lines of which he is the author are quoted:

"I send my love unto my dead each day  
I know not how, I only know it goes  
The 'how' is not revealed, it matters not  
I send my love unto my dead; and they  
They know 'tis sent; that I have not forgot."

May God grant him a quiet sleep and a glad awakening.



## Father James

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James D. Durward was born in Milwaukee on December 27, 1851, in the first Durward home at Riverside. It was very cold weather, and it was difficult to keep the house warm with only a cook stove.

He came with the family to the Glen and helped with the work to be done. So well did he care for the sheep and perform other chores that his father thought he would be a good farmer. He was eighteen, when the family moved to "Wild Rose" farm and there were real attempts at farming. James was very friendly with neighboring folks, more so than other members of the family, who were thought to be "just different." He was very popular.

When the family returned to the Glen, James remained at the farm. He called the house "Cobweb College," for he spent all his spare time there reading.

The farm was sold and he returned to the Glen to help Andrew.

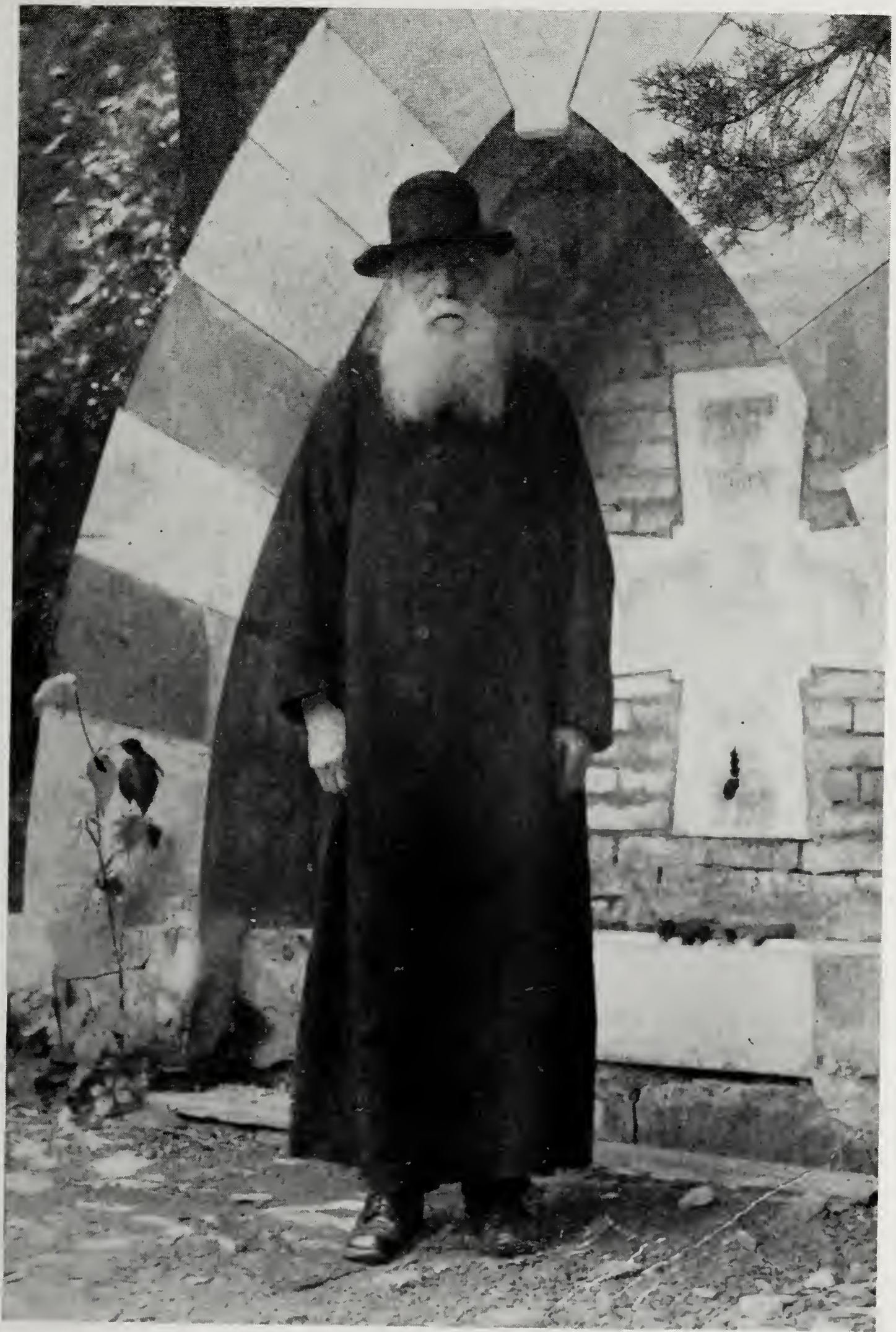
One day James came into the home from work wearing a red flannel shirt with his golden hair ruffled. His father said, "Stand there, James," and immediately Mr. Durward with crayons drew a portrait of him which is in the gallery, and much admired by visitors.

After Father John was settled in Tomah, James went to see him. They had long talks on vocations and it was here that Father James decided to study for the priesthood. This was a surprise to all the family, except his mother. She hoped all her children would embrace the religious life.

He entered St. Francis Seminary, and after recovery from a serious sick spell, he was sent home. He called himself "the stone which the builders rejected." When he was sufficiently well he went to St. Joseph's in Dubuque, Iowa. He completed his course in philosophy and that was as far as that Preparatory Seminary could take him. During all his vacations he worked, saving money for his tuition fees. His mother helped him by selling the netted lace she made. He completed his studies at St. John's Seminary in Collegeville, Minnesota and was ordained there.

After ordination he came home to the chapel to offer his First Mass. It was June 1887. Father Francis, O.S.F., and Mr. I. Ganz of St. Cloud came with him. His family and many friends were there and the choir





*Father James D. Durward*



consisted of Miss Mayme Ryan of Baraboo as organist; Louise McGann (Mrs. Albert Melzl), soprano; Dr. Gillete, tenor; Miss Gillete, alto; and Wilfred J. Durward, bass.

Louise often spoke in later years of the beauty of that June day. Quite a contrast to the winter midnight of Father John's First Mass.

Father James served as a parish priest for several years under Bishop Martin Marty of South Dakota. When Bishop Joseph Cotter, a man of outstanding character and a dear friend of Father James became Bishop of Winona, he asked for a transfer to that diocese.

He served in various towns and finally was transferred to St. James, Minnesota. His First Mass in this Church was celebrated on a November first, so again tradition was followed—for he took possession of his parish in the name of all of the saints. He was a very fine speaker and it is recorded that he gave a very interesting sermon that day, using the "grain of mustard seed" as a text. It did take root and become a large tree.

He was pastor there ten years. He bought a small place in St. James, held school in it a short time, and used it for a winter chapel. He called it the "Hermitage."

After his retirement he went to the Trappists in New Melleray, Iowa, thinking he would spend the rest of his life there. He found he was too old and too frail to accept the strenuous and austere life of a Trappist, so returned to the "Hermitage."

He is the author of a "History of the Church" in those early Dakota and Minnesota days, and of many poems. He always signed himself, "The Scribe of the Wilderness." As he became more feeble, he went into an "Old Folks' Home" in St. James. He was chaplain when he was able to do the work. He wrote letters to his friends and I have two he wrote to me telling of the Glen and his hopes.

He passed away in St. James at the age of eighty-two. His remains were brought home to the chapel so filled with memories. Father Charles Mansfeld, O.S. Cam., sang the Requiem High Mass and his old friends, the Melzls, who had, in part, sung the joyous "Glorias" of that First Mass sang the "Dies Irae" at this requiem. He was laid to rest beside his brother, Father John.

There were crowded services in St. James for this priest, who had been dear to his people. His dear friend Father John Mayer of Fulda, Minnesota, was celebrant of the Mass. Father O'Day of Winona preached the sermon. Many priests were in attendance for the Office of the Dead.



One of his poems is most fitting to be quoted here:

O Jesus, I have felt Thy love  
And found it to be far above  
All earthly bliss  
Oh make me love Thee more and more  
And let my yearning spirit soar  
Thy wounds to kiss.

I do acknowledge from my heart  
I am unworthy to take part  
In this Thy toil.  
But if made pure by love of Thee  
Souls be led heavenward by me  
Thine be the spoil.

So now, forever take my heart  
That never again it may depart  
From Thee by sin.  
And keep it always in Thy love  
Until beside Thy throne above  
A crown I win.

I am sure Father James' plea that "souls be led heavenward by me" was answered, for he was a real priest of God, and even though he called himself the "stone that the builders rejected" he became a "cornerstone" in arranging for the Camillians to do their great work for God in this country—at his loved Glen.

## *chapter eight*

### The Artist Brother

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In 1901 Wilfred writes of Charles, "It is now two decades since a son and brother passed from amongst us after a short sojourn of thirty-one years. Gifted, as the survey of his work will eloquently tell to the eyes of the future, before his living presence here he has become a tradition, some voice or pen must recall enough of the beautiful in the life of the artist brother as will give pause to those, who in the years to come will pass this way, and linger to drink of the waters, and rest themselves in the cool shadows of the pines he loved."

Charles was born in England in September 1844, the second child of his parents. His mother carried him in her arms on the trip to Milwaukee.

His conscious existence began in the log house on the Milwaukee River. He was baptized in 1853 at the age of eight years. He lived at St. Francis, attended school there, and was busy at home with his pencil doing art work. He was eighteen when the family moved to the Glen.

"Charles worked, sold portraits and his share of the crops, to save money for a trip to England, Scotland and France. Father had a lifelong friend in Manchester. Mother's sister and her husband lived not far off, therefore he would be assured of a welcome in the land of his birth."

He painted very fine pictures there, "Chester Cathedral from St. John's Priory Window," Manchester, Prestwich Cathedral, etc. In galleries and museums he made his first acquaintance with sculpture and the antique. Years of fruitful creative work followed the trip to Europe.

In 1872, he painted the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady of Lourdes, and St. Charles Borromeo, the Madonna of the Sleep, and Stable of Bethlehem.

Sometime during the last years he had purchased from his father the six acres which "Old Geordie" had kept at the southwest corner of the property. He himself excavated and built a stone foundation, raised and finished the superstructure, even to the matching of the floor, made the windows, carved the wooden cones and when at home did all his painting in this studio. This is now used as a guest house by the Camillians.

In 1874 he painted his last original design. The last he lived to



*Charles the Artist*

finish was the "Madonna del Colombo." In that year he painted the set of "Stations," which are now on the path that leads up to the Glen's chapel on the hill. Wilfred writes: "The earth is bountiful to us here. There are many foodstuffs grown here." Charles so loved the place that he could not believe that anything harmful could possibly live in this loved Glen.

One morning, with his hoe, while taking his morning constitutional, he stumbled upon a root, whose stems were dead since it was November. Finding it sweet smelling and thinking it edible, he brought it into the house for his breakfast.<sup>1</sup> He boiled it in two different waters and fried it in butter. He gave Mary and Andrew pieces to eat, but they spat it out as they didn't like the taste. At this juncture Mrs. Durward came

<sup>1</sup>As told by Mary Thecla Durward.



into the house. (She had been caring for a sick neighbor during the night.) She inquired as to the food they were eating. He told her he had found a new root which was most delicious. She said, "Charles, you are a man. I cannot tell you what to do, but never give the children anything that is not familiar to you."

He went to his studio and mixed his palette for the flesh color of the Body of Christ. He was painting the eleventh station of the Cross.

Mary and Andrew were playing around the studio and they said to one another, "Charles isn't singing." (He always sang at his work.) They ran to tell their mother. Mrs. Durward found him insensible between the house and the studio and he was dead in two hours before medical help could arrive. He had eaten the "*sicuta maculata*" (water hemlock).

Charles' death was a great shock to his dear ones, and his many friends. His father was in Milwaukee at the time. With many heart-aches his coffin was carried up the Pine Hill for a Requiem Mass in St. Mary's of the Pines. His palette as he had left it was on top of his casket. He was the first one to be buried in the cemetery there.

For many years his palette remained untouched and his brushes beside it. Wilfred quotes—

"Emerson says, 'A man dies and his experience with him' but that is only half a truth. His greatest experience he shares with us and gives to posterity for safekeeping. We bury the son, brother, friend, he that was mortal, but his work and his virtues live after him." There were fine tributes paid him by Milwaukee artists and confreres of the Durwards. One I have before me grieves me "for the loss to the future of this very promising artist."

Charles was a fervent Catholic and a most humble loving man. Some one has said that art, to be the fullest, must be a great and beautiful truth, greatly and beautifully expressed. He fulfilled that idea.

As St. Luke is the artist who paints with words the Blessed Mother in his gospel, so Charles was one of the humbler painters of her and her Son. There is a lovely little poem, the first stanza of which is:

Lovely Lady dressed in blue  
Teach me how to pray  
God was just your little Boy  
Tell me what to say.

I am sure the Blessed Mother would be pleased with what Charles said with his brush and paints about her. The blue with which he has

clothed her has remained unfaded through the years, as has the blonde hair of the Child. More than half of his last paintings were Madonnas. A short time before his death he said, "I want only money enough to live on, and then to paint Madonnas the rest of my life."

A critic says Charles Durward never drew an ungraceful figure. He caught nature's secret of beauty and her glow. Wilfred says:

"If there is ever an American school of Madonnas, I know of some bypaths that will be religiously trodden, and an epitaph that will not be so much read from the marble cross as from the graceful Madonnas of the Glen." A list of Charles' paintings will be found elsewhere in this book. He also painted flowers and fruits.

The Madonnas were in Father John's home at his death. What to do with them? Father John often visited the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., and his friend Bishop Thomas Shahan. The Bishop asked him at one time how he was going to dispose of the Madonnas. At that time Father could not give a definite answer. At Father John's death, the Bishop asked for them; and the following letter indicates his appreciation.

Catholic University of America  
Washington, D. C.  
October 16, 1919.

Mr. Wilfred J. Durward,  
Baraboo, Wisconsin.

My dear Mr. Durward:

Your express shipment of eighteen boxes containing the Durward Madonnas and other works of art arrived at the University in excellent condition. I shall dispose of them for the present in Divinity Hall, where they will be perfectly safe, and visible to our ecclesiastical students and the many visitors who come hither. The Madonnas, in particular, are very beautiful, and I do not wonder that you were loath to part with these lovely objects. They have found a worthy and secure resting place, and I shall see to it that their history is made known to all here; likewise the generosity of the donors in bestowing this fine collection upon the Catholic University. When the National Shrine arises, the Madonnas, in particular, will find a place of honor and service beneath its roof, and the other paintings may well take their



places in the art gallery, which we have good reason to hope will one day be built on the grounds of the University.

\* \* \*

I share with you the hope that your Reverend Brother will later on decide to send us his share of the paintings, and thus complete this rare and beautiful collection. The fruits and the pigeons are indeed very lovely paintings, and are much admired by the few who have been privileged to see them. The Madonnas are all truly lovely works of art, and the Catholic University is very proud to have been chosen for their safeguarding in the future.

Permit me to add that in a former letter to your sister, Miss Mary Durward, I told her I was willing to bear or share the expense of boxing and sending the collection to the University.

With sentiments of great respect, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in Xto,  
(Signed) THOMAS J. SHAHAN, Rector.

Father Anthony Lauck, C.S.C., a professor of art at Notre Dame University, urged the members of a graduating class lately "to try their hands at religious art." He said that "from ancient Egypt to the Renaissance religious themes produced the highest art we know." Charles Durward surely believed that. There are two Madonnas at the Glen which belonged to Father James and now belong to the Camillian Fathers.

*These Twenty Years*

The snow drops nestle there  
The cross a marble prayer  
Rises divinely fair  
Above his head.

Of sound, the calm suspense.  
Life's turmoil has gone hence  
"Round every tired sense  
Still sweetness weaves."

Written by Wilfred twenty years after Charles' death.

Wilfred

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*Wilfred*

It's a warm wind, the West Wind  
Full of birds' cries  
I never hear the West Wind  
but tears are in my eyes.  
For it comes from the West lands  
the old brown hills,  
And April's in the West Wind  
and daffodils.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Published by permission of The Macmillan Company, from Masfield: Collected Poems: The West Wind.



The lines of John Masefield on the preceding page always bring thoughts of Wilfred Durward to my mind. A great naturalist, he knew and loved the birds and the old brown hills of his home. And how he did love April and the daffodils which grow and bloom so profusely in the springtime at Durward's Glen. They are the *Narcissi Poetici*, but belong to the daffodil family. He knew each bird and its nesting habits, its song, and to him each had a distinct personality.

Wilfred was born in Milwaukee when the family lived at Nojoshing, on the south point of Milwaukee Bay, now St. Francis. His early education, as that of the other children, was learned at his mother's knee. His education in literature was directed by his father and Wilfred did enjoy reading the masters of literature.

When Father John was pastor at Tomah, Wilfred spent some time there obtaining formal education in the parish school.

Most of his knowledge was obtained from books, and very close observation of nature and the other things in which he was interested, music, taxidermy, and photography.

In Tomah, he obtained the rudiments of his musical education. He took lessons, worked long hours at this task. He possessed a lovely basso voice. He also learned taxidermy at this time and the collection formerly at the Glen was begun in Tomah.

The gift of a camera from Father John was the incentive to study photography. He took all the pictures and developed them for "Annals of the Glen," also pictures of members of the family, of birds and trees.

When he left Tomah for Baraboo he earned his living for some time as a taxidermist and music teacher.

We hear much today concerning visual aid, but Wilfred was using a lantern and giving lectures with slides in 1916. He took many of the pictures which were made into slides. Of course, there were many of his feathered friends, the passenger pigeon, in particular, which is now extinct. He told me once he had seen the sun darkened by the flocks and often they took a net and snared them for food. His finest specimen (mounted) was bought by Milwaukee State Teachers College. The red-eyed vireo, the herons, grosbeaks, and the remainder of his collections went to Prairie du Chien colleges.

In the music field he put to music many poems of Thomas Augustin Daley and the "Lillium Regius" of Francis Thompson, besides writing original compositions.

During these years he developed an increasing lameness. After consulting various doctors it was decided that the leg must be amputated

above the knee. This was a trying experience.

Wilfred then took a long vacation at the Glen. His parents were still alive and Father John came from Baraboo as often as possible. In after years, he became very adept at using crutches, and one Sunday walked to Baraboo to sing with the Melzls in Father John's church.

During this time he began writing, and while he called himself a "would-be scribe," Wilfred had real ability. The instinctive ability to use, not only the correct word, but the right word, in the right place.

If it were not for Wilfred there would be few records of the Durwards life at the Glen. As a family, they wrote very little about themselves. He wrote, and Father John had published, *Mother and Others* in 1898, *Annals of the Glen* in 1901, *A Life of Service* in 1919. He was in the process of writing *Birds Glimpsed at Tide Water*, in his Tacoma home where he spent his last years. Most of the photographs he snapped for this volume. He wrote poetry also, and a particularly lovely one is quoted:

*To a Varied Thrush*

Ecstatic bird that greets mine ear  
When all things else looks dark and drear  
    What cheer!  
While I the lower levels grope  
Thy flutings sound far up the slope  
    What hope!  
Promising Gossamer fine spun  
And blossoms when the day is done  
    And sun—

Of his book of poems, "Mother and Others," the Madison Democrat says, "This pretty volume of poems of which Wilfred J. Durward is the author displays a refinement of sentiment, a love of nature, and a spiritual tone which were quite to be expected in one associated with the soulful environment of the beautiful Glen in Columbia County, that bears the Durward name."

The Catholic Citizen says, "Many passages might be cited in illustration of the writer's pure poetic insight."

The Milwaukee Sentinel says, "The author is evidently a close student of nature's phases. It is a book which will take a creditable place in Milwaukee bibliography."



Wilfred was childlike in his simplicity, a dreamer, and a lover of nature which was truth and beauty to him—

“He was heavy with the even when she lit her glimmering tapers  
Around the day’s dead sanctities.”

In the same manner he was happy with the sunshine.

Wilfred made many visits to the Glen, but, after Father John’s death, found living there too difficult. He went to live near his brother Andrew in Tacoma.

He passed away in Tacoma June 11, 1927. It was a beautiful day when he was brought home to his beloved Glen. White roses from his garden covered the casket, and to the song of the brook and the birds he was laid in his final resting place. These following lines written by him are very expressive of his humility. They were written in 1911.

“When I go hence, my poor short work day o’er  
Leaving much more of wasted toil than gain,  
Much that in charity earth fain would cover,  
Perhaps some trifle that might well remain,  
Let me have strength to wield the torch and beacon,  
Leaving no skeleton in closet, no pretence;  
Nor let me leave in mad array life’s scribblings  
when I go hence.”

Wilfred quotes in the original copy.

Aubrey De Vere the Irish Bard in one of his dramas

beautiful, and with great appreciation writes,  
“Strangely we celibates are smitten with a love  
of children” and then goes on to say that it is  
“Recompense”

I echo the beautiful word

And

When I go hence, and leave the light and laughter  
Laughter of children, the sun, moon and stars  
There will surely be lightsomeness  
If there be the laughter of children  
When I go hence.

## Andrew

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What was Andrew's place in this interesting pioneer family? He was two years of age when the family came to the Glen and while he loved all nature and growing plants, he was more practical than the others.

Andrew did not care for books, as books; only when they unfolded to him information he was seeking did they claim his interest.



*Andrew*

He was happy doing physical work. He was very meticulous in all his work. He learned with painstaking thoroughness to become a gardener, a carpenter, a joiner. This type of work is slow work and Andrew, his brother says, was very slow in all the well done work he produced. He built many of the homes in which he lived during his lifetime and much of the furniture as well. His ideas were brought out by what he saw in nature. Wilfred asks, "What was Andrew's 'Jacob's ladder' linking his earth of foodstuffs and shelter with his heaven of the emotions? Music and flowers. He had great love for children, and they too belonged, with the music and flowers."

He went into beekeeping on a large scale at the Glen. He captured a storming swarm of Italian bees which came there. He procured a book written by a then celebrated beeman, A. J. Root. He also subscribed to a magazine called "Gleanings in Bee Culture." He devoured them. To quote Wilfred, "Andrew was attracted to, and very successfully learned the most systematized and away from nature agricultural pursuit, beekeeping. His yield of honey was very large each year."

He had been the chief worker and manager of the Glen since the



death of Charles. The beehouse was connected to the Durward house in later years.

Andrew was the only member of the family to carry on the Durward name. In St. Mary's of the Pines he exchanged vows with Bertha Weinke, a neighbor, who became a convert to Catholicism. They remained at the Glen for one year. Then he bought a farm in Michigan and moved there. His three children, Linus, Allan and Clara were born in Michigan. When Clara was six years of age he sold his farm and moved to the state of Washington, locating near Tacoma.

His son Allan was killed in France during World War I. This was a matter of great grief to him, but he compensated by adopting two French orphans and giving money to the Red Cross and agencies aiding the victims of the war. Linus and Virginia, his son and daughter-in-law, are the parents of four sons. One son visited his Aunt Mary at the Glen when he was stationed at Camp Grant during World War II. He was intrigued by the beauty of the Glen and he bore a definite Durward resemblance. Andrew's daughter Clara is Mrs. Robert Lenz. They are the parents of two children and live in the state of Washington also. Andrew possessed a light tenor voice. What it lacked in volume was made up in intensity of feeling and pathos. In a "homesick Ryme" his father says, "I long for my golden haired Andrew who sings like a linnet all day." He taught a class in singing for adults, also trained a brass band in Olympia, Washington. They were both taught gratuitously. He furnished instruments for the children who were unable to pay for them.

He cultivated many rare bulb plants on his farm and sold them to nurseries. Later in his life he went to Texas to live. Here he also spent time teaching music to the colored children. The happy results and their appreciation was all the pay he desired.

Mary Thecla, his chum, his confidante from childhood, visited him in Texas. He told her then that he did not wish to be taken on the long trip to the Glen when he passed away, but to be buried where he died.

In the last letter she received from him he said he was in better health, the warm sunshine was healing and that he had made a garden which should bloom in March. In March came word of his death following only three days of illness.

In the Durward lot at St. Mary's of the Pines there is a stone in his memory put there by the sister who loved him through the years.

On it are engraved the blossoms and bees which brought happiness to him during his life.

## Mary Thecla

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Mary Thecla, the only member of the family who saw the light of day for the first time at the Glen, was born in the log cabin by the brook on St. Thecla's Day, September 23, 1863. A briar rose has marked the site for many years.

A baby sister was quite a novelty, and her brothers were very fond of her. As with the other children, her mother was the primary teacher.

When old enough, Father John took her and Wilfred to Tomah, where they attended his parochial school for further training. Later at home, her father directed her reading and remarked that she had both an intelligent reading and understanding of Ruskin and Shakespeare.

Of course she had many memories, the lantern lighting the path up the hill, the night of Father John's First Mass, seemed to have made a lasting impression in the mind of this little girl, far more than the memory of being a flower girl. She loved all growing things and botanized many of them at the Glen. Gray's Botany was the text used by the family in this work.

When she was sixteen years of age, the family celebrated her birthday, calling the party "The Feast of the Grapes." There were sixteen varieties at that time. The Claudes from Devils Lake were guests, among others, and one variety was named for Louise Claude. She and Mary Thecla were friends all their lives.

When the time came for her to decide upon her life work, her father wished her to become an artist. (She had done some fine things in oil.) Her mother wished her to be a nun. But she decided to become a nurse and entered Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago passing satisfactorily the entrance requirements. She was the oldest living alumna of this school for many years. She worked very hard, as nurses did in those days scrubbing and cleaning with their nursing duties. She made many friends among the doctors and nurses. During the time when she was nursing, Father John offered her a trip to Europe, "but she must start at once." She had the literary, artistic, historical and religious background for such a trip and Father John could supply any deficiencies. She met a sculptor friend of her father, the artist, Trentanova, whom the family had known during its years in Milwaukee. Father John went to Spain while she remained at Lourdes.





*Mary Thecla*

She visited the places where her mother and mother's sister had lived in England. Her greatest thrill was to receive the blessing of Pope St. Pius X, the then reigning Pontiff. Father John went on to the Holy Land to gather material for his book, *Holy Land and Holy Writ* and she returned to Chicago and nursing.

Mary Durward was a very beautiful young woman. She had wavy, golden hair, very blue eyes, exquisite hands and a graceful body. It did not seem possible that illness and sorrow could change this beau-



tiful woman. It would be sad, though, if one did remain young on this earth forever. So many times I heard her say, "It is hard to be ill and the last of one's family."

When her father died she took her mother to Chicago, to live with her. Her mother lived for six years in the city. After her mother's death Mary was not well and the doctor advised her to go into the country and do physical work. Andrew and his family were living in Tacoma, Washington. Wilfred was nearby, so she bought a home in sight of Mt. Rainier and began the project of raising chickens. She worked strenuously at this and was very tired when word came of Father John's death. She was left as executor of his estate. There were so many things to care for, so much correspondence. While she received great help from her cousins, Emma and Hannah Gardner, of Milwaukee, there were decisions which she alone could make. She lived at Father John's home until the estate was settled.

Father John's home, "Burr Oaks" was bought by Judge Bohn and is now his home. Mary Thecla then moved to the Glen. It was a long, difficult task reclaiming it after the neglect of years. She had faithful Jim Blacklock to depend upon, a caretaker for many years. Others helped as they could. The Griffith family was very kind to her during these trying times. Later, the Camillian Fathers and Brothers did everything she wished to help her in her garden and wherever else needed.

She cleaned the paintings in the art gallery and opened it to the public for a small fee. Whenever possible, she went with the visitors and gave them parts of the history of the Glen. One winter she spent in Texas with Andrew, her brother.

It was impossible for her to stay at the Glen during the winter so she lived either in a private or nursing home. She suffered greatly from arthritis and needed care.

Mary Durward died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Milwaukee, as the result of a fall in a nursing home, where she had been spending the winter. Her hip was fractured and it was too great a shock, and one from which she was not able to recover.

The funeral services were held in the Immaculate Conception Church in Milwaukee. Above the altar in this Church is a beautiful painting by her father. It was fitting that she should be here. The remains were sent to the Glen and Father Charles Mansfeld, O.S.Cam., sang the Requiem High Mass, and Mary Thecla was laid to rest beside her mother whom she had loved so much during her lifetime.



In his poem "Thecla," which her father wrote at the time of her birth, he closes the last stanza saying:

"Oh, sweet Mother of our Savior  
Shield her through the storms of Time  
We are frail—but thou are mighty.  
Keep her innocent and holy  
Keep her soul from sin's dark wound.  
Till she reach the radiant clime  
Where with thee and sainted Thecla  
Light and peace and love are found."

After her long years of suffering, surely she has found that light, peace and love which her father wished for her.

It was Mary Thecla, the last member of the family, the only one born at the Glen, who deeded the Glen to the Camillian Fathers.

## St. Mary's of the Pines

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It was a matter of great distress to Mrs. Durward to be situated miles from a church. A road up the Pine Hill had been brushed out years before by Mr. Durward and the boys. Wild nature always encroaching in a place like this started growths which began to cover their work.

She, to whom her faith was so dear, was greatly troubled. Father Keenan from Portage had come on horseback to offer Mass in the home. Fathers Heiss and Pettit and other visiting clergy had offered Masses in the first studio.

Wilfred writes, "Father said, 'We will build a chapel on the Pine Hill.' " Across the valley on the southern side of the opposing bluff, he and the boys quarried and gathered from the surface a heap of building stones of suitable size and quality. They were free stone and were on the Blacklock Farm, now the farm of Mrs. William Benz. This was the beginning of the little chapel, "St. Mary's of the Pines," in the wilderness. However, it takes money as well as stones to raise chapel walls. The site was there, the building stones in abundance, and there was a road between them. "Old Nell who brought us all the way from Milwaukee, was still fit for the harness, but money was a question."

One day a shadow darkened the cottage door—the shadow of a stranger. "I hear you are going to build a church." Father told him he was thinking of it. They walked up the hill and father unfolded his hopes and his plans. The stranger said, "I will give \$200!" That was a large sum of money in those days.

At this juncture Mr. Durward was urgently called back to his classroom at St. Francis Seminary.

Upon his return, with some urban subscriptions, the machinery to build was set in motion. To quote Wilfred, "A word to this one, a message to that and the men 'rose a bee' to quarry and haul stone." The sledge hammers and crowbars were ringing among the rocks on the other side of the valley and around to the west of the Glen. The humble believers from the countryside were freighting building stone with their clumsy oxen and gaunt horses. The foundations were dug and the rude rubble walls began to rise. Mr. Hamilton of the school section furnished the building talent. (Mr. Hamilton, his wife and



daughter are buried in the chapel cemetery. His daughter was the wife of Louis Prescott, grandson of Pierre Paquette.)

Relatives of Mrs. Durward, Mr. David Gardner and Mr. Gordon Hutchinson of Milwaukee, were imported to put on the roof.

The congregation contributed of their might, and Mass was said for the first time in the summer of 1866, by Father Brady of Portage. He came as often as possible. On those occasions the babies came in arms to be baptized, the children to Sunday School, and then soon, too soon, one and another crossed the threshold for the last time and were laid to rest on the sunny southern slope. The marble and granite monuments of the City of the Dead began to gleam among the young pines, the Veronica and the turkey root.

This little chapel is intimately connected with the lives of the Durward family. Two sons, newly ordained priests of God, who helped in its building, came home to offer their first Masses. One son was married here, the golden anniversary of the father and mother was held here, and all but Andrew, who is buried in Texas, have been brought to the Pine Hill for burial.

In August 1934, a very beautiful wedding took place here. Father Charles Mansfeld, O.S.Cam., received permission to witness the vows of Florence Lynch and Jerome Holzbauer of Milwaukee.

This two and one half acres of land had been consecrated by Bishop Henni of Milwaukee and were donated to the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, which kept possession until Archbishop Samuel Stritch returned the land to the Camillian Fathers. The Durward lot was also consecrated, but lies outside the chapel plot. The Scot always wishes to be buried on his own land.

Charles painted the exquisite copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception which hangs over the altar. It was his gift to the chapel. He also painted the Stations of the Cross.

Father John brought soil from the Holy Land for each station, a special blessing was given the crosses by the then reigning Pope Pius X, now St. Pius. The stations, surrounding the chapel and cemetery, were placed in as nearly an identical position as those in Jerusalem and as Wilfred says, "This is a miniature Holy Land on the Pine Hill."

Behind the chapel is God's acre of the Camillians. Two very saintly priests who left their homeland and worked faithfully, and a Brother lie here, Father Ferdinand Langenkamp, Father Conrad Daniels and Brother John Knops. Last spring, when all the world was alive and beautiful, a humble cleric, Thomas Sors from Cleveland, Ohio, who

dropped dead three weeks before ordination, was laid to rest here.

Overshadowing this quiet place of their last sleep is an unusual Crucifixion group. It was a gift from Father Henry Stemper, formerly the pastor and builder of St. Boniface Church in Milwaukee.

Mass is offered in this little chapel occasionally in memory of those who lived here and sleep their last sleep here.

Little Chapel, rude and lonely  
To the eye  
How Thy white cross in the sunlight  
Gleams, and prompts a prayer in whispers!  
Shall my mouldering ashes lie  
Blest and near Thee, though unheeding  
Song of Vesper,  
the Kyrie Eleisons  
Plaintive cry?

—B. I. Durward, "St. Mary's of the Pines."

Note 1. St. Mary's of the Pines has the distinction of being one of the first churches in the Baraboo River Valley.

Later, the fence to the north of the property was the dividing line between the Milwaukee and LaCrosse dioceses. This part of Wisconsin is now the Madison diocese of which Bishop William O'Connor is the spiritual head.

Note 2. Unfortunately, a fire destroyed the chapel in May 1923. Only the rubble walls were left and it was "very rude and lonely to the eye." All the furnishings, hand carved by the Durwards, the altar, altar rail, and three of the Stations of the Cross were destroyed. About one hundred young pines were wiped out. The larger ones surrounding the chapel were killed, or their lower branches burned, a small grove of white birch was wiped out.

Great gratitude and thanks are due to the Knights of Columbus of Madison for their work here. Under the direction of the late Voyta Wrabetz, Mr. Heim and others, the Knights of Columbus had undertaken a project of reclaiming small chapels in the state. They spent many days here, and with pictures of the old altar, reclaimed it, perfectly. They also built three station shrines. Those who love the Glen thank them most gratefully. The acknowledgment of their work is on a plaque, on the chapel door, placed there by Mary Thecla Durward.



*Two descriptive accounts of the Christmas midnight masses—  
1870 and 1935—St. Mary's of the Pines are reprinted here:*

1870

Have you ever at winter midnight in a tiny stone chapel with rubble walls and rough openwork Gothic roof heard Christmas Mass?

Familiar to you, of course, the well-heated edifice ablaze with electrics, the organ's vibrant thunder and the pealing of the soaring sextette in Adolph Adam's *Wondrous Noël*.

Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!

O night divine, O night when Christ was born!

My mind goes back through the years to between the rubble walls, to the outside darkling midnight pines, the blazing midnight stars and the crunch, crunch, of converging feet in the crisp deep snow. Down from the wooded bluff, up from the valley—even from the distant town they wended here.

Far-off St. Francis Seminary furnished its dignity, scholarship, and sanctity this night of nights for it was the First Mass of the newly ordained John Durward.

Home to the little chapel he had helped to build: to the roof tree that had sheltered his vacation studies: to the proud father by whose side he had been educated: to the prouder mother who loved him as a son, and revered him as a priest. A homecoming indeed!

Though one of the acolytes, I remember only a little of the wonder of that night, of the music, of the sermon of Father Rainer, of the packed, hushed congregation. Then the stars again, the nip of the frost, and home.—WILFRED J. DURWARD

1935

Sixty-five Christmas nights have come and gone since that "night of nights" at Durward's Glen. For eighteen long years, "beloved Father John" has been sleeping in the "White City on the Pine Hill" in the shadow of St. Mary's of the Pines. It is Christmas midnight again! The little chapel with its rubble wall and its memories stands as a silent sentinel on the hill. There are no lights coming from its windows tonight, no candles flickering on its altar. There are no lanterns lighting the path up the hill.

The scene has changed. In the valley below within sight of the little chapel looms a new building against a background of dark woods, a building made of logs. A chapel is on one side, a high tower

of stone with gilded cross rises above the roof of old-fashioned shakes. This is the chapel of the Novitiate of the Camillians. Folks are wending their way here this Christmas midnight! They are coming again, down from the wooded bluff, up from the valley, many of them the children and grandchildren of those who came that long ago Christmas night!

Tonight, light streams from the windows onto the dark pines, and from the belfry in the tower a bell peals forth on the clear midnight air. It rings out the glad tidings of the Savior's birth, and of the first Christmas carol sung by the angels so many centuries ago.

Glory to God in the highest

And on earth peace, to men of good will.

Tonight, a priest has not come home to offer a Mass as on that other night. Father Francis Konieczny, O.S.Cam., is far from his homeland as he sings the centuries-old liturgy and reads the Scripture story as told by St. Luke, telling of the good news happening in the City of David. The two acolytes are the first American Brothers to join the Order here, Brothers Joseph McCann and George Garrity.

There is a nostalgic thought in the hearts of the congregation. There are no Durwards present this Christmas night. All but Mary Thecla are sleeping on the hill, and she was unable to come.

The Durwards will always live in spirit at Durward's Glen. It was their strong hope and great faith that there would be Mass not only Christmas Day, but every day in their beloved Glen. Wilfred's prophecy has been fulfilled. The Glen is not unloved and untenanted. It is a night of nights again at Durward's Glen! It is Christmas night!

—M. G. T.



## The Fountain

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While blasting for the first studio, the waters of the spring (which formed the waters of the fountain) came to light. The studio was above this, set up on stilts. A storm destroyed it later on.

The fountain is a gothic arch of many tinted blocks of marble, relieved by two of our own Lake Superior sandstones. It is surmounted by a sculptured pine cone. The fountain was constructed by Mr. Hugh Doherty, a monument dealer in Portage, and a family friend.

It was the intention of the family to commemorate by initial a few names that were particularly dear to them, and to the Glen.

The pure white marble keystone contains three. A star for Eliza Allen Starr, a Catholic convert, poetess, and critic for the "New World" in Chicago. (She had been a patient of Mary Durward at one time and came to the Glen often thereafter.)

Adv. is for Aubrey De Vere, the poet of Curragh Chase with whom the Durwards corresponded, and visited.

The Greek "D"—△—is for Bernard I. Durward. This was his pen name many times.

On the right we find B. P. Z. The B is for James Booth, a sculptor or carver. He it was who carved the eagles on St. John's Cathedral in Milwaukee when it was built. He was from England.

P is for Coventry Patmore, the English convert poet. Mr. Durward visited him and Father John Durward said Mass in the private chapel of the Patmores when they lived at Hastings by the Sea. Francis, "The Angel in the house" served the Mass. Bertha Patmore corresponded with Father John and Mary, and for forty years they were in touch. One letter tells of Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson being at the Patmores' the day she was writing.

N is for Captain Nader, a civil engineer living in Madison at that time, and a welcome visitor to the Glen.

On the left the H is for Joshua Hathaway of Milwaukee. He commissioned Mr. Durward to paint Bishop Henni's portrait and the Hathaways were very kind to the Durwards.

R is for Ruskin the English author, art critic and essayist. Mr. Durward always held Ruskin's work to the children as a standard in English.

M is for Andrew Mullen, a friend of early days, and in all probability one of the "lay apostles" responsible for the conversions of the family to the Catholic faith.

Z is for Valentine Zimmermann, one of the early Milwaukee merchants, a devout churchman and a well loved friend.

As Wilfred predicted, "the springs may seek a lower level," and during the time Father Matthias Gilles, O.S.Cam., was novice master at the Glen, it was necessary to move the fountain to a lower level. Father saw that this was done very carefully, and it has not in any way interfered with the old traditional fountain. There are engraved these words:

Christ said  
I  
thirst  
Brother and Sister  
Think of Him  
And drink.

The water comes out of three pipes in respect to the Trinity. The pine cone shows that all are under protection of St. Mary's of the Pines.



## *chapter fourteen*

### The Small Stone House

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The original thought behind the building of this small stone house in the mind of B. I. Durward was of a monastery in the distant future. He wished each son to build, and the buildings were to be attached. The result would be the "Cornerstone of the Monastery to be." It did not materialize.

Father John built the stone house at the Glen. At one time it was filled with large cases of mounted birds. Wilfred was a skillful taxidermist and many rare specimens were here, so it was called the "Bird House." After Father John's death these collections were sold.

Mary decided at this time to place the paintings here. She always called it, "The Art Gallery." As one enters there is a gothic window with a Christopher Wren influence, to the right a very small room which did contain an altar. Father John offered Mass here on occasions and Father John Mingen, O.S.Cam., offered the first Mass by a Camilian on this altar, after the property belonged to them.

The oil paintings of the family adorn the walls on one side upstairs. The one of the father was painted by himself (looking at a looking glass). The oldest one here is of Mrs. Durward wearing a matron's cap Mr. Durward designed for her after their marriage; one of Wilfred as a small boy which has real merit according to the artists who view the paintings.

There is a beautiful crayon of Father James as a boy in a red flannel shirt, one of Bernard who died, (a cross upon his breast), one of the two-year-old Emma Theresa, one of Father John serving Mass for Father Urbanek, and other members of the family.

Only two of the Madonnas are here, the Madonna of the Finger and the Madonna of the Embrace. The others are in Washington, D. C.

There is a record book here for folks to sign who come to visit. In the first book Father John writes, "No record having been kept of Glen visitors prior to May 24, 1887, on this date Rev. J. T. Durward, his memory having been jogged by B. I. Durward and Theresa M. Durward compiled this list." It is the work of one summer evening and cannot pretend to be complete. It is divided into Ancient History, those who visited the Glen from November 1, 1862 to 1872, the Middle Ages, 1872-1887, and Modern Times, 1887-1897. These names are a

few of the ones which were well known in that time.

Bishop John Martin Henni, Milwaukee.

Rev. Michael Heiss, Rector of St. Francis Seminary.

Dr. Joseph Salzmänn (Rev.), St. Francis Seminary.

Msgr. Joseph Rainer, Professor, St. Francis Seminary.

Rev. Frederick Katzer, Professor.

Rev. Kilian Flasch, Professor (later Bishop) .

Rev. F. X. Goldsmith, (Dr.) , Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Rev. Verbourt, De Pere, Wisconsin.

Father Pettit, Portage, Wisconsin.

Father Thomas Keenan, St. Francis, later Portage.

Rev. Michael Coughlin, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Hathaway, Milwaukee.

Miss Mary Hathaway, Milwaukee.

Andrew Hathaway and wife, Milwaukee.

Fred Layton and wife, Milwaukee.

Alexander Mitchell and wife, Milwaukee.

John Conway, Milwaukee.

Mrs. Lydia Ely, Milwaukee.

The Furlongs, Milwaukee.

Andrew Dahlmann and wife, Milwaukee.

Andrew Mullen and wife, Milwaukee.

Rev. Christopher Wapelhorst, Milwaukee and St. Francis (authority  
on Liturgy) .

Mrs. Romadka, Milwaukee.

Charles Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass., (brother of the poet Henry) .

Eliza Allen Starr, Chicago, (poetess and critic) .

Louis Claude, wife, daughter, son, Eagles Craig, Devils Lake, Wis.

Cornelius Vilas, Madison.

Val Zimmermann and wife, Milwaukee.

Miss Louise McGann, The Melzls Farm, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Mr. Charles Melzl.

Mr. Albert Melzl.

Mr. Edward Melzl.

Miss Ida Melzl.

John A. Dadd, Milwaukee.

Capt. Nader and wife, Madison.

Mrs. Eschweiler, Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Durward, Milwaukee.

And many others.



In the second period, 1872-1887.

David Gardner and wife, and daughter, Margie, Milwaukee.

Thomas Hilyard (uncle) , Iowa.

Mr. Pearl and daughter, Aggie, Clift House, Devils Lake.

Those who came to Father James Durward's first Mass.

Friends from St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Friends from St. John's College.

Father Francis, O.S.F.

M. I. Ganz, and others.

The third period, 1887-1897, we find folks from Baraboo and Portage.

J. Van Ordan and wife.

Sam Grubb and wife.

Rev. Barnes and Rev. Cowdry and wife (Episcopal Church) ,  
Baraboo.

A. Withington and wife.

Herman Grotaphorst and wife, Baraboo.

The Portage people who came first and signed the Register are:

Nellie Sheehan, Portage.

Clara Sheehan.

James Collins and wife.

Dr. Dent and wife and children.

And so the visitors have come and gone these many years and signed their names. They love the quiet and peace and beauty of the Glen; they enjoy being allowed the privilege of walking these beautiful paths and enjoying the surroundings. They do realize that this lovely place now belongs to an Order of Religious, that it is a novitiate and that visitors so privileged have a duty to respect the wishes of the "tenants of today."

## Wilfred's Prophecy

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Wilfred Durward had planned to write a second volume of "Annals of the Glen." The preface was written in 1901. His words of nostalgia and prophecy are so beautifully descriptive of the Durward love of the Glen, their hopes and prophecies for its future, that it is reprinted in its entirety.

"The Glen, in one subtle sense, always will be our home. The last 'roof tree' that sheltered the family before the inevitable 'parting of the ways,' the nest that lovingly shielded the brood o'er the first flight on untried, yet perhaps ambitious wings, holds a peculiar place in the heart, not to be mistaken. The two priests, the bride and groom, the erstwhile taxidermist, musician, photographer, would-be scribe, the devoted nurse, all left its doorstep, followed by the same hallowed blessings, and the same tears. And the eldest, the 'Artist Brother,' lived, loved, dreamed, toiled, hoped and feared, suffered and enjoyed the best part of his short span of life here, while the aging father and mother could not forget that it saw the nativity of their last-born. And we all return to it—aye—again and again, from all the four winds one and another has drop't in at even and rested at least until the morrow; and we all will return—who know?—to our longer rest in the white city on the pine hill. So I have strayed back again, and the same old wood paths woo me, and fragments of the same old story rise to my lips and would find expression. The same, and yet not the same; each succeeding season is unlike the last, inasmuch as it is not the last:—and nothing endures. Since last year a pine tree has fallen, a few more mounds have risen in the cemetery, the table rock of our first picnic has split in twain through frost and the wearing away of its underpinning, and is gravitating toward the stream, and the water has been forced into new channels by the agencies of both growth and decay. But, like the man physiologically renewed in seven years, it is the same old Glen.

"We can conceive of the time when the Glen fires will be of coal, but we fail to guess who will be warmed by those fires. Change must come and soon—what will it be? Another twenty years and these annals will be ancient history. Strange names will appear on letters now sent to Durward's Glen, strange faces and figures will flit about, strange



laughter and song will resound. Edifices of wood or stone no doubt will arise as the rocks crumble and the springs seek a lower level. But this we know, this valley so loved by the red hunter and his quarry, loved by the birds and bees, loved by the wild flowers, passionately loved by this generation, will not be unloved and untenanted by the generations to come."

Wilfred's prophecy has come true, edifices of wood and stone have risen, strange faces and figures are about—the figures of black-robed men trained for works of mercy. The song which resounds is that of the Liturgy of the Mass and the prayers of the faithful. The Glen is loved and tenanted with folks who have fulfilled every wish and hope of the Durwards.



*St. Camillus Comforting the Sick.*



## The Tenants of Today

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The present Superiors in the United States of the Order whose members tenant the Glen today came from countries with centuries of traditions and history as a background to comparatively young America—centuries-old art and centuries-old churches.

Our Americana, of the Middle West, was new and strange to them. There was the language difficulty—always a barrier—in any new country—and there loomed before them momentous tasks to be done to carry on the work of their founder, St. Camillus de Lellis. How well they have done this great work of charity! And how great has been their progress!

### THE CAMILLIANS

In Matthew XXII, 34-40, we read of the Pharisees trying to trap Christ by asking "What is the great commandment of the Law?" The answer, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole soul, thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment, and the second is likened to this. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In I Corinthians XIII, St. Paul writes concerning faith, hope and charity—the greatest being charity. One of the eight beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount is "Blessed are the merciful." There are many more illustrations of the perfect gifts in the Scriptures.

Few have fulfilled this love of God, love of neighbor—the real charity and mercy—more than the founder of the Order whose followers are the tenants of the Glen today, St. Camillus de Lellis. He ranks with St. Vincent de Paul and St. John of God in his love for the sick, poor and unfortunate.

St. Camillus was an Italian nobleman born in 1550 in Bucchianico, Italy. He became a professional soldier and fought with Venetian soldiers of fortune, in wars against the Turks. He held various offices both naval and military under the government of the Venetian Republic.

There developed during these years a festering sore upon his leg as a result of being wounded in battle, which made any kind of work very





*The Most Rev. Father Charles Mansfeld, O.S. Cam.,  
52nd Successor of St. Camillus as Superior General of the Order.*



difficult. Finally it became necessary for him to enter a hospital. The wound finally healed and he went back to service with the Venetian Republic.

It was not long before the wound opened again; he was unable to work and he was reduced to poverty. He was a suffering, unhappy man, at that time interested only in himself. God did not have an important place in his life.

On February 2, 1575, Camillus riding on a pack horse suddenly felt within him a ray of heavenly light. He became very contrite for his godless past and overwhelmed, he dismounted, and said, "Why did I not know my Lord, sooner?" On the road to Damascus, another memorable conversion had taken place.

He returned again to the hospital of St. James in Rome, but this time a changed man. He realized, because of the care he received for his wound, that there was great need of reform in the nursing of the sick. It was not easy for Camillus to change the soldier's tunic for a nurse's gown—but, as he had been a hero on the battlefields, he became a hero in the care of the sick and the infirm.

He found that he alone could not accomplish the work to be done so he inspired others to help him. He began to study for the priesthood in his early thirties. He was ordained in 1584 and founded a community of religious men first approved by Pope Sixtus V in 1586 as a society, and finally in 1591 by Pope Gregory XIV as an Order with solemn vows.

Most Orders in the Church take three vows: poverty, chastity and obedience. To this Camillus added a fourth, care of the sick, even those stricken with a contagious disease. The members of the Order were called "Clerics Regular—Ministers of the Sick" or "Servants of the Sick"; after the death of their founder they were called "Camil-  
lians."

He chose a red cross as the distinguishing badge for the members of this Order to wear upon black cassocks. It was to him the military sign of the Crusaders.

In his crusade of Christianity this badge had to be a cross in red, the sign of the redemption in the colors of Our Lord's precious blood. And so St. Camillus and his followers historically remain the first to wear a red cross as an emblem of organized charity. This was long years before Henri Dunant, Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale. To Camillus is given the credit for organizing on a large scale the first field ambulances on the battlefields. At least two and one half







centuries before Henri Dunant the "Red Cross" of St. Camillus was carried onto the battlefields of Europe just as it was in World War I when another group served the wounded in hospital trains. (In 106 trips to and from the battle lines they carried 25,706 soldiers to their homelands and one European Camillian Province cared for 136,014 sick and wounded in its houses and institutions. Father Henry Reintges, O.S.Cam., now superior at Durward's Glen, was a chaplain at this time in the German army.)

Ever since St. Camillus wore this cross and gave it to his followers as their badge of membership in his Order, it has been found where most needed.

Famine, pestilence, epidemic disease, and every ill that human beings fall heir to has been but another opportunity for them to serve God, by caring for His afflicted creatures.

The Order now has fourteen Provinces and ninety-six houses in eighteen countries of the world, fifty-three hospitals of their own—the Camillian Fathers are chaplains in 127 other hospitals.

In Thailand and Formosa they have two leprosariums and one general hospital with three missions, and one mission on the Pescadores Islands.

The North American Province of the Order consists of the large hospital in Wauwatosa for incurable men, a home for aged men in Milwaukee, a scholasticate in Racine, and the novitiate at Durward's Glen, Baraboo, Wisconsin. There is also a nursing home in Boston.

It is interesting to know the story of the entrance of the Camillians to the United States. We are indebted to Father John Poetter, O.S.Cam., Superior of the Camillian scholasticate in Racine, for the following information taken from letters in their archives.

"Msgr. Charles Mugan, a chaplain in St. Joseph's Hospital in Omaha, Nebraska, was a dear friend and classmate of Father James Durward. He knew of Father James' hopes and plans for the future of his loved home, Durward's Glen.

"During the years 1919-1920 Brother Antonius of the Congregation of the Divine Providence had arrived from Germany and was living at the hospital in Omaha.

"Brother Antonius knew the Camillians in both Germany and Holland. He told Msgr. Mugan of them and of their work and gave him the name and address of their Superior in Roermond, Limburg, Holland. He also wrote to the same Superior explaining the complete



circumstances, situations and gave him the name and address of Father James Durward."

This letter was answered by the German Provincial who wished further information. Father Mugan asked Brother Antonius to answer the letter in German.

As a result of correspondence with Father James, Father Michael Mueller, O.S.Cam., was sent to the United States. On board the same ship with Father Mueller was Archbishop Sebastian Messmer of Milwaukee, who was returning to his archdiocese after a visit to his birthplace. The Archbishop told Father Mueller that he needed a priest at Fussville, Wisconsin, and while he was investigating the Durwards gift he could be a member of St. Anne's household in Milwaukee. Msgr. August Salick was then the pastor of St. Anne. Father Mueller arrived in America, September 5, 1921. He decided to visit Durward's Glen.

We know from letters that Father Mueller was quite surprised to arrive at the village of Merrimac. To go over country roads (not in the condition they are in today) seven miles through what seemed like wilderness, to this man used to cities, he drove in a Model T car with faithful Jim Blacklock, a caretaker at the Glen. He arrived on November 1 in 1921, fifty-nine years after the Durwards arrival on a November first. It was a dreary sombre day, a large red barn stood where the novitiate stands today. The Durward home was closed. It didn't seem possible to accept the Durward offer, so he returned to Milwaukee.

Father Mueller became acquainted with the Milwaukee clergy, and acquainted them with the work of the Camillians. For a time he was pastor at Fussville. He bought one of the homes of what is now St. Camillus Monastery on South 26th Street. (Ambulatory patients are cared for here.) In October 1926, five years after his arrival, Father Mueller was transferred to Rome and later taught theology in one of the seminaries in Germany. He was a teacher of many of the Camillian Fathers who are in this country. He has since passed away in Germany.

Then came Father Charles Mansfeld, now the Superior General of the Order for the eleventh year, with headquarters in Rome. He was, and is, a man of great ability and vision. He bought property in Wauwatosa on the Bluemound Road near Highway 100, and a very fine hospital was built.

Years passed and when this work was completed, Father Mansfeld came to Mary Durward (who was living in the old Durward home)

and said he was now in a position to accept the offer of the Glen, as a novitiate and religious training house.

On August 16, 1933 the site for the novitiate was decided upon and before too long a building of logs from the nearby woods was being built, a tower steeple at the chapel made of field stone from the nearby fields was raising itself heavenward with the Greek ✠, the first letters of Christ's name crossed in symbol and once used in the catacombs.

On September 8, 1935, the feast of the Birthday of the Blessed Virgin, the novitiate was dedicated by Bishop Augustin Schinner of Superior, Wisconsin. Bishop Schinner had retired, and was asked by the late Cardinal Stritch, then Archbishop of Milwaukee, to dedicate the building as he had other commitments for that day.

The next day, September 9, 1935, Mass was celebrated. The sanctuary lamp was lighted and the Blessed Sacrament reserved for the first time in history at Durward's Glen. This was the seventeenth anniversary of Father John Durward's death.

On September 15 the first public Mass was offered in the novitiate chapel by Father Peter Kremer, O.S.Cam., and four days later Brother Joseph McCann and Brother George Garrity, the first American novices, began their novitiate.

The first High Mass was sung on the feast of Christ the King, October 27. Music supervisors from Milwaukee schools, Esther Flaherty, the late Lillian Gunnis, Florence Flanigan, organist, with Louise McGann Melzl and Ida Melzl sang a Mass by Farmer. Lillian sang *Panis Angelicus* and Gounod's *Ave Maria*. It was a very memorable occasion of never forgotten beautiful prayers set to music.

It had not been easy for the Fathers to become "pioneers" here. When they came to the Glen there wasn't any place to live but the little studio built by Charles, now the Camillian guest house.

Even though there was a great amount of work to be done with too few priests to help, the Camillians with patriotism and love of their adopted country were willing to give one of their number to their new country as a chaplain in the Army. Father Francis Konieczny went to Harvard University's Chaplain School in 1944, then to Texas and Hawaii for training, and to the island Saipan. On this island he built a church with the aid of the soldiers. After the war he was Captain Chaplain in the Mayo General Hospital in Galesburg, Illinois. From here he was sent to Germany to be chaplain in the Army of Occupation and particularly chaplain in Nuremberg at the War Trials.



Returning in 1949, he was discharged with the rank of Major.

Upon his return, Father Matthias Gilles, O.S.Cam., who was then Provincial, appointed him pastor of the new Camillian mission church in Merrimac, St. Mary, Health of the Sick, situated six miles from the Glen. A schoolhouse in the country was bought, moved to the village, a basement dug, and soon services were held at the very beautiful and very old altar from All Saints Church in Dellona, Wisconsin. Father Konieczny was loved by the people of Merrimac, and particularly by the children of all faiths. However, members of an Order must go where they are needed and Father Konieczny was needed in Milwaukee at the St. Camillus Monastery and returned there.

Today, Father John Mingen, O.S.Cam., the U. S. Provincial of the Order with headquarters at the Glen, goes to Merrimac for all services. The Congregation is very progressive, and it is a very crowded little church with tourists all summer.

A few words are necessary concerning the Camillian parish at the Glen. It is composed of descendants of many who attended services in St. Mary's of the Pines and whose dear dead are buried on the hillside cemetery—the Griffiths, Ankenbrandts, O'Neils, Graves, Sieberz and others.

It is composed also of newcomers and among them it should be stated that Mr. Frank Blau, who as a boy served Mass for Father John Durward on his visits to Plain and Loretta, is the father of nine sons, eight of whom have continuously served Mass at the Glen for twenty-one years. They are Edwin, Leo, Charles, Joseph, Alvin, John, Leonard, and Luke. Certainly a commendable record of faithfulness and good example. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blau is the first of this parish to become a nun. She is Sister Camillia of the Congregation of the Divine Savior.

This friendly group of parishioners is augmented in summer with folks who come to nearby lakes and summer homes. The chapel houses a large congregation on the Sundays of June, July and August.

It brings a thrill to hear the Angelus ring through the hills and valleys. To hear the bell from the stone belfry ring out at the hour of services, to know that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is offered all over the world from "the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," is being offered each day in Durward's Glen brings much happiness to those who know the joys of faith and prayer.

Father Mingen supervised the building of a large stone addition to the novitiate. There is a large auditorium called Durward Hall which

is used for dinners, and Portage Knights of Columbus meetings. It was this Council which gave the statue of St. Camillus which stands in the niche on the porch of the novitiate. This was presented by Dr. C. H. Henney and dedicated in July of 1940.

Last summer the Caledonian Ladies Garden Club held a flower show in the hall. There are pilgrimages to the Glen from various cities and the ladies of both the Glen and Merrimac parishes serve meals to the visitors at a nominal cost.

The progress of the Camillian Fathers since their arrival has been unusual. The buildings they have built, the plans they have for the future, will mean much in the care of the sick and infirm. They have just dedicated a beautiful new addition, including a new chapel, at the hospital in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, modern, practical, beautiful, planned with the thought of those for whom they care. In the chapel is a balcony where their patients may be brought in wheel chairs and beds to view and take part in the Liturgy.

Of greater importance in their eyes are the very fine young men who have come to them for both spiritual and other training in the care of the sick, aged, and infirm. Men have come with university degrees, with great humility and mercy in their hearts, willing to work as Brothers and to follow in the footsteps of their founder.

Others have gone through their novitiate days at the Glen on to the Immaculate Conception Scholasticate and after ordination have been doing God's work as chaplains in hospitals where they have brought comfort to the sick and dying, and consolation to their dear ones. Others are doing administrative work in their own hospitals and homes.

This story would not be complete without a few words of appreciation for Brother Edward McAllister, O.S.Cam., affectionately known as Brother "Eddie."

Brother Edward was born in Belfast, North Ireland. He worked four years in New York City before he realized he had a vocation for the religious life. He is one of the pioneer American Brothers, in that he came to the Glen before the novitiate was built.

There isn't any service for another which is too difficult for Brother "Eddie" to perform. A competent nurse, he goes through the halls administering to the sick and infirm. In many homes where a sick man lies, there comes a feeling of security when Brother "Eddie" crosses the threshold with his usual smile, his sympathy, his friendship and his aid.



He plants and cares for a large garden in which food is grown for those living in the novitiate. He also cares for a garden of beautiful flowers. This not only furnishes flowers for the altar, but brings pleasure to the visitors. He is in the process of restoring the Delta garden of Mary Durward. Surely Brother "Eddie" is a working example of the meaning of the red cross of Saint Camillus.

As he goes on his trips of mercy, kindness and help, let us wish him an old Gaelic Blessing of the land of his birth.

"May the roads rest always with you  
May you ever have a kindly greeting  
From those you pass, as you go along the woods.  
May the wind be always at your back  
And may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand."

It is very wonderful to have a vocation to teach, to preach, to see folks grow in grace, brings great satisfaction, but to care for the sick and the infirm, those who have been stricken in the midst of their years and their work, those who have grown old—resenting it to some degree—that takes a very singular vocation if they wish to follow their founder! "Whether Camillus remained day and night in the expansive halls of the Holy Ghost Hospital or passed through the narrow rows of beds in the hospital of St. James in Rome for the incurables, whether he fought against the black pestilence in Rome, Florence, or Naples, he knew neither fear, weariness, nor rest. His soldier heart was solely dedicated to God in the service of his fellowmen." He once said, "A man must possess a strong spirit of faith and must continuously walk in the light of eternity to recognize poverty, sickness, trials and human misery as something indispensable to life. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate are frequently chosen souls, more pleasing to God than many others."

On the 200th anniversary of the canonization of St. Camillus, in 1946, Pope Pius XII, in His benediction and good wishes to the Camillian Fathers said among other things:

"A wider field, as you know, is open today to your zeal. Almost countless is the number of those either lingering in illness or injured who expect your help, consolation and your spiritual ministrations. 'Greater love hath no man than he lay down his life for his friends.' " The Camillians, day and night, are giving their lives in service to their

fellow men. Nothing could be more pleasing to God. It is Kingly Service expressed in these words:

We have one goal to reach  
Christ.  
Christ the beginning and the end,  
Christ all space, all center, all circumference,  
Christ everywhere.  
Christ in us and around us.  
Christ in all things  
And all in Christ.

We have found one way to find Christ  
Through Camillus.  
The Charity of Camillus which embraces the world.  
Love for the least of our brethren,  
Love for the infirm and the cripple,  
Love for the publican and sinner,  
Love sole conqueror of sin and death.  
Fraternal charity found only in  
Love of Christ.

Christ is our end  
Camillus our way.  
Striving forward  
Certain of victory.  
We advance jubilantly  
To meet  
Our life's ambition and desire:  
Christ, the Lord.

We close with the words of Father Charles Mansfeld:

The Maltese Cross, which Bernard Isaac Durward asked his son Charles to chisel into the rock at the entrance of the gorge of Durward's Glen, the ✠ of Catacomb days on the tower of the novitiate, and the Red Cross of St. Camillus are intimately connected. All three proclaim the necessity of our devotedness to God in our own person as well as in our possessions; a devotedness to God which finds its expression in the practical service to our fellowmen. "Thou shalt love thy God with thy whole heart and thy neighbor as thyself" is the motto of the St. Camillus Novitiate in the surroundings of that part of God's beautiful world: Durward's Glen.



*St. Mary's of the Pines*

Dear retreat for mortal wearied  
    With turmoil,  
Take me to your sheltering bosom!  
Soothe my brain with nature's gladness,  
Pour the balm and wine and oil!  
Dull routine my life has wounded  
    Nigh to sadness;  
Give me in your wildernesses  
    Change of toil!

And ye springs that gush and sparkle  
    As you pour  
From your never-failing fountains,  
From your dark, mysterious prison,  
Swelling still the streamlet's store;  
Laughing to the light of morning  
    Newly risen,  
Let me join with your sweet murmurs  
    One voice more.

From the unseen came I also,  
    By the might  
Of the Eternal Fount of Being,  
Through the darksome ways of error,  
Far more dismal than the night  
Of your hidden stony barriers;  
    From that terror  
By the hand of mercy lifted  
    Into light.

Streamlet! daughter of a thousand  
    Limpid springs!  
On thou speedest like an angel  
With a healing benediction  
Folded underneath his wings;  
Warbling sweetest as thou meetest  
    Contradiction  
From rude stones on which the lichen  
    Feeds and clings.

Oh, that I could scatter blessing  
Like to thee!  
That my soul could mirror beauty  
As thy bosom's liquid crystal!  
That my songs might be as free,  
Varied, lasting as thy singing!  
Then should list all  
Mortals to my strain—a minstrel  
I should be.

Pines! that heal the air with perfume,  
Towering high,  
In your green immortal vesture,  
Decked with cones for jewels, pendent  
Though your heads are in the sky,  
Yet, like mortal man beneath you,  
You must rest your  
Feet upon the solid fabric,  
Or must die.

Lend my verse the balsam odor  
Of your tears!  
And the color of your needles,  
And the heavenward direction  
Of your stems, which rise like spears,  
That my song may still point upward  
From dejection  
And the basis of the earthly  
To the spheres!

Rocks! that time has worn to grandeur  
With His breath!  
Steadfast as a righteous canon,  
High above the vanished ages,  
Moveless 'mid surrounding death;  
How your silence and your shadows  
Shame my pages!  
Doomed to crumble, as the leaves  
My feet beneath.



Little chapel! rude and lonely  
    To the eye,  
How thy white cross in the sunlight  
Gleams, and prompts a prayer in whispers!  
Shall my mouldering ashes lie  
Blest and near thee, though unheeding  
    Song of Vespers,  
Or the Kyrie Eleison's  
    Plaintive cry?

Gorge of beauty! sweetly nestled  
    'Mong the hills;  
Far removed from sordid traffic,  
Filled with springs forever weeping  
Through the rocks in mossy rills—  
Shall my lowly memory linger  
    In thy keeping,  
When this heart which now is throbbing  
    Silence fills?

Yes! a little while my footsteps  
    May be known;  
And the hearts that I have cherished  
Will remember me in yonder  
Sacred symbol in the stone!  
They will say, "His hand engraved it!"  
    And with fonder  
Accents of affection whisper,  
    "He is gone!"

"Gone! above this transient vision  
    Of a day;  
Upward springing through the azure,  
Upward to the Source of Beauty,  
From the strife of sin and clay,  
Soared his spirit to Our Savior,  
    As the levin  
Through the clouds of storm and darkness  
    Cleaves its way."

—B. I. DURWARD

## PARTIAL LIST OF DURWARD PAINTINGS

(With Date and Location)

1. St. Charles Borromeo—oil altar piece .....1873  
In St. Mary's Church, Chippewa Falls, ordered by Father F. X. Goldsmith, D.D.
2. The Crucifixion—oil monochrome, 8' x 8' .....1858  
St. Francis Seminary, Wisconsin
3. Madonna—oil (Lost Madonna) .....1858  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
School Sisters of St. Francis—St. Francis, Wisconsin
4. Immaculate Conception (after Murillo)—6' x 6' .....1884  
*Painted by Bernard I. Durward*  
Church of Immaculate Conception—Milwaukee, Wisconsin
5. Stations of the Cross (14)—oil .....1873  
*Bernard I. Durward and Charles Durward*  
Now at a Catholic church in DePere, Wisconsin
6. St. Francis de Sales—oil, 4' x 6' .....1860  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
St. Francis Seminary, Wisconsin
7. Crucifixion—24' x 8' .....1860  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
Milwaukee Catholic Home for the Aged—Donor: Mrs. Valentine Zimmerman.
8. Madonna—oil .....1867  
30" circular painted for Mr. Tymothy Dore. Given to Mount Mary College.
9. Portrait of Bishop John Martin Henni  
Commissioned by Joshua Hathaway for Wisconsin Historical Society.
10. Madonna—oil (unsigned)  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
Donor: John Dahlman's father
11. Portrait of John Dahlman's father, aged 103 years  
*Bernard I. Durward*
12. Two Portraits (Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dahlman) .....1860  
Location unknown.
13. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Kilbourn .....1851  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
Owned by Wisconsin State Historical Museum
14. Portrait of Bishop Henni—oil, 26" x 32" .....1856  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
Convent of School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
15. Crucifixion (three or four figures)—oil, 4' x 6' .....1873  
*Charles Durward and Bernard Durward*  
Formerly altar piece in St. Mary's Church, Appleton—Present location unknown.
16. Madonna (Detail of Sistine)—oil .....1860  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
Owned by Catholic Home for the Aged, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
17. Madonna of the Sleep—oil .....1872  
Madonna of the Straw .....1872  
Madonna of the Dove .....1872



- Immaculate Conception .....1872  
 Mater Dolorosa  
*Charles P. Durward*  
 Twenty-five in all at Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
- There are 36 paintings and crayons in the Glen Gallery (according to list left by Mary Thecla Durward).
- St. Joseph in 6:1 .....1875  
*Bernard I. Durward and Charles P. Durward*  
 St. Joseph's School, Baraboo, Wisconsin
- 3 Portraits in Furlong family.
- Mr. Furlong—(oil), 13" x 20"
- Mrs. Furlong—oil—13" x 20"
- Lord Byron  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
 All owned by Agnes Furlong.
- Dahlmans—oil .....1860  
*Bernard I. Durward*  
 Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dahlman
- Marie Dahlman—age 6 .....1870  
 John Dahlman's father—aged 103  
 There are over twenty-five at the Glen.

*An extract from "Art in Wisconsin," printed in "Durward's Glen"*  
*by special permission from the author, Porter Butts, M.A.:*

(Speaking of Bernard Durward) . . . "When left to his own inclinations, he showed a surprising versatility and talent, not commonly associated with the first frontier portrait painters and Durward's portraits present evidence that an unusual talent, a step advanced from the likeness-makers, had come to the Wisconsin Frontier and developed there.

"The portrait of John Martin Henni, Archbishop of Milwaukee, done in 1852, and now in the Wisconsin State Historical Museum, shows him to be a better colorist and draughtsman than Brookes. The whole tone of the canvas is lighter. Hands are better modeled, though still lifeless. Most marked is his skill in catching the semblance of pink satin sleeves seen through lace, alongside which Harding's lace collar and cuffs for 'Mrs. Kingsley' are inexpert, hasty and slapdash. No extraneous paraphernalia is added. The canvas has a unity and the subject a dignity compared to which Brookes' work is still the folk art of the limners.

" 'Joshua Hathaway,' a pioneer surveyor, painted in 1860, gives even a stronger effect. The head answers to the artist's designing, rather than peering stolidly from an accidental placement in the framing. Hands and chair are subordinated and all form an organized coherency in support of the bold construction of the head, a construction based on

factualism, but not literally factualism itself. Even the background, a rich saffron brown, shading into deep chocolate, is an unusual note among its thin green, mustard, and gray contemporaries, and it harmonizes with the coloring of the face. This feeling for unity was not accidental with Durward; it was one of his controlling attitudes of mind that form, and a headship or direction, was necessary to every organism; an idea which led him to agree readily also to the concept of papal supremacy as essential to the existence of the Church. 'You have no pope in your picture,' he told an artist whose composition lacked a focus and supreme unifying element. Such construction and such coloring as Durward's was not soon to be seen again in Wisconsin. His was a figure slightly apart from the main stream of the state's art."

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#### *Why the Two Spellings of the Name: Dorward and Durward*

"The family was originally Catholic. The convent of St. Mary, East of Victoria Bridge, was founded in 1230 by Alan the Durward, the most powerful Scotch Magnate of the time. Since the so-called Reformation the name has been spelled Dorward, but going back to the old religion Mr. Durward and his family took the more correct and euphonious spelling. It is remarkable, too, that one branch of the family, the Durwards of Deeside, never changed the name and never deserted the faith; the last member of this branch dying in 1915, a monk of Fort Augustus, Scotland, Brother Nathan, whose mother was a Mary Durward."—Father John T. Durward.

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#### *Family Chronology*

Bernard Isaac Durward—Born: March 26, 1817—Died: March 21, 1902.

Margaret Hillyard—Born: Feb. 7, 1821—Died: April 22, 1907.

Bernard Durward—Born: March 20, 1843—Died: 1855.

Charles P. Durward—Born: Sept. 27, 1844—Died: Nov. 12, 1875.

John T. Durward—Born: March 7, 1847—Died: Sept. 9, 1918.

Emma Theresa Durward—Born: March 9, 1850—Died: 1852.

James D. Durward—Born: Dec. 27, 1851—Died: May 1, 1933.

Wilfred J. Durward—Born: March 14, 1857—Died: June 11, 1927.

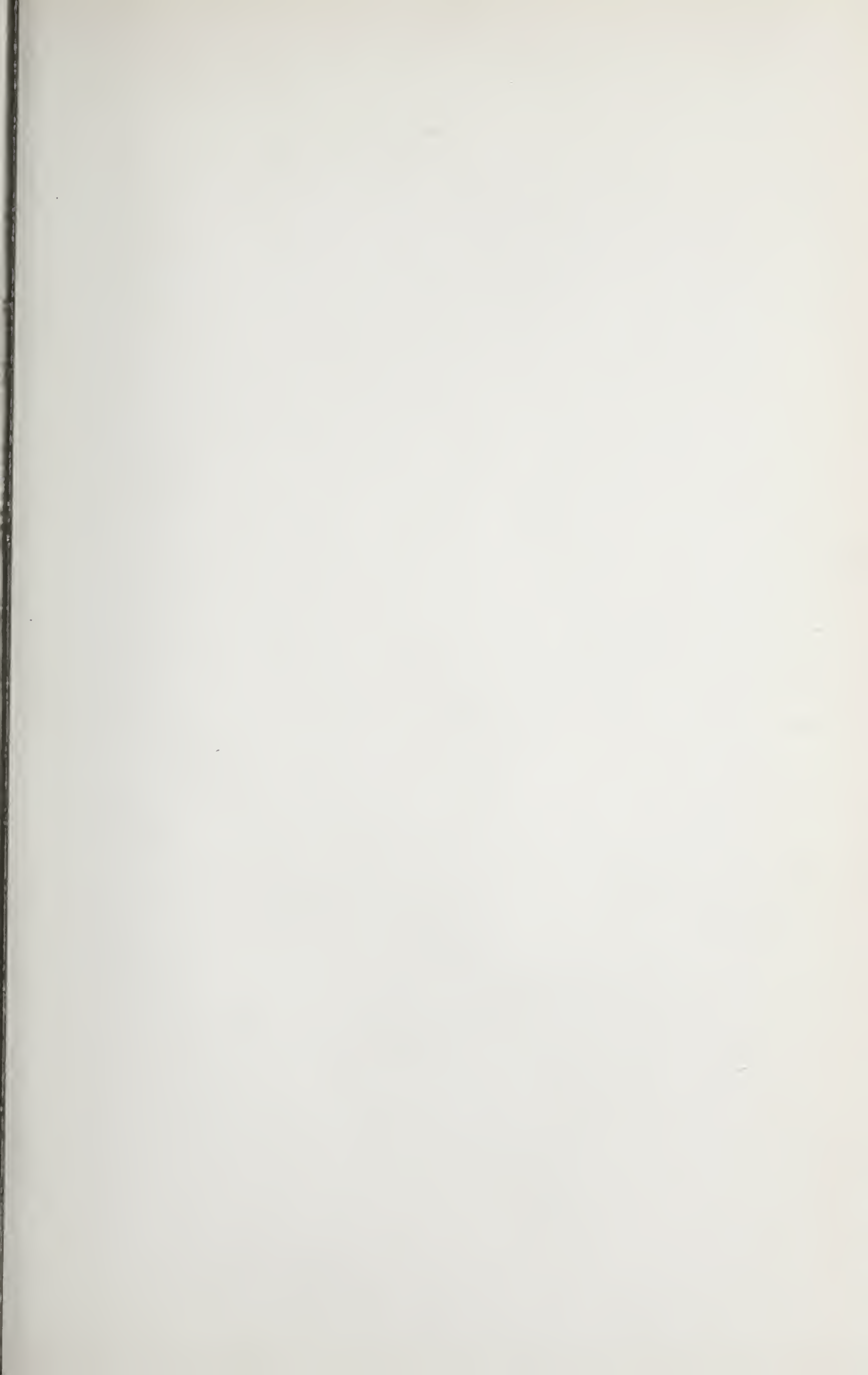
Andrew Durward—Born: Jan. 14, 1861—Died: March 19, 1926.

Mary Thecla Durward—Born: Sept. 23, 1863—Died: May, 1946.

Bernard Isaac and his son, John, planted an evergreen tree on the hill above the home for each member of the family.







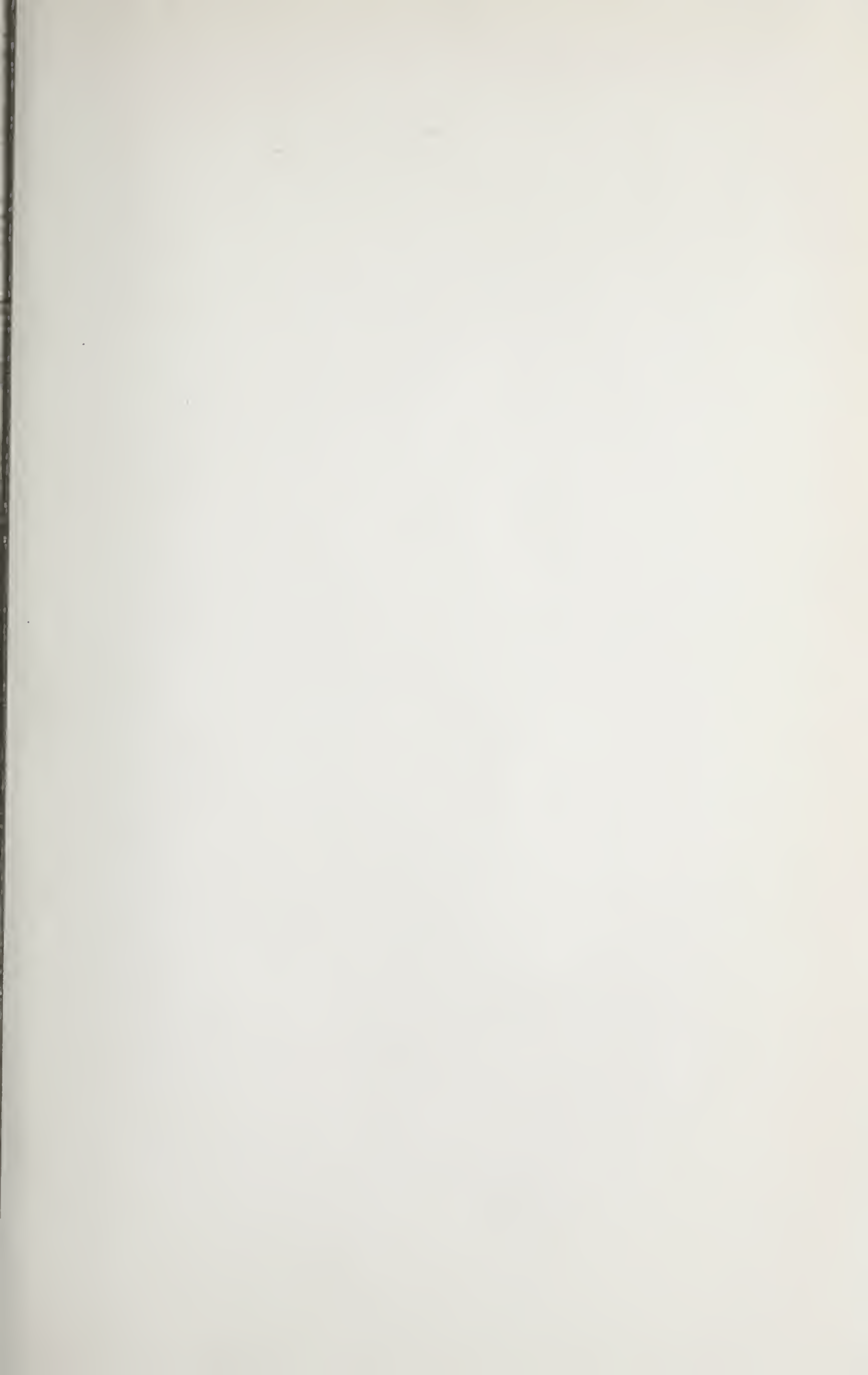












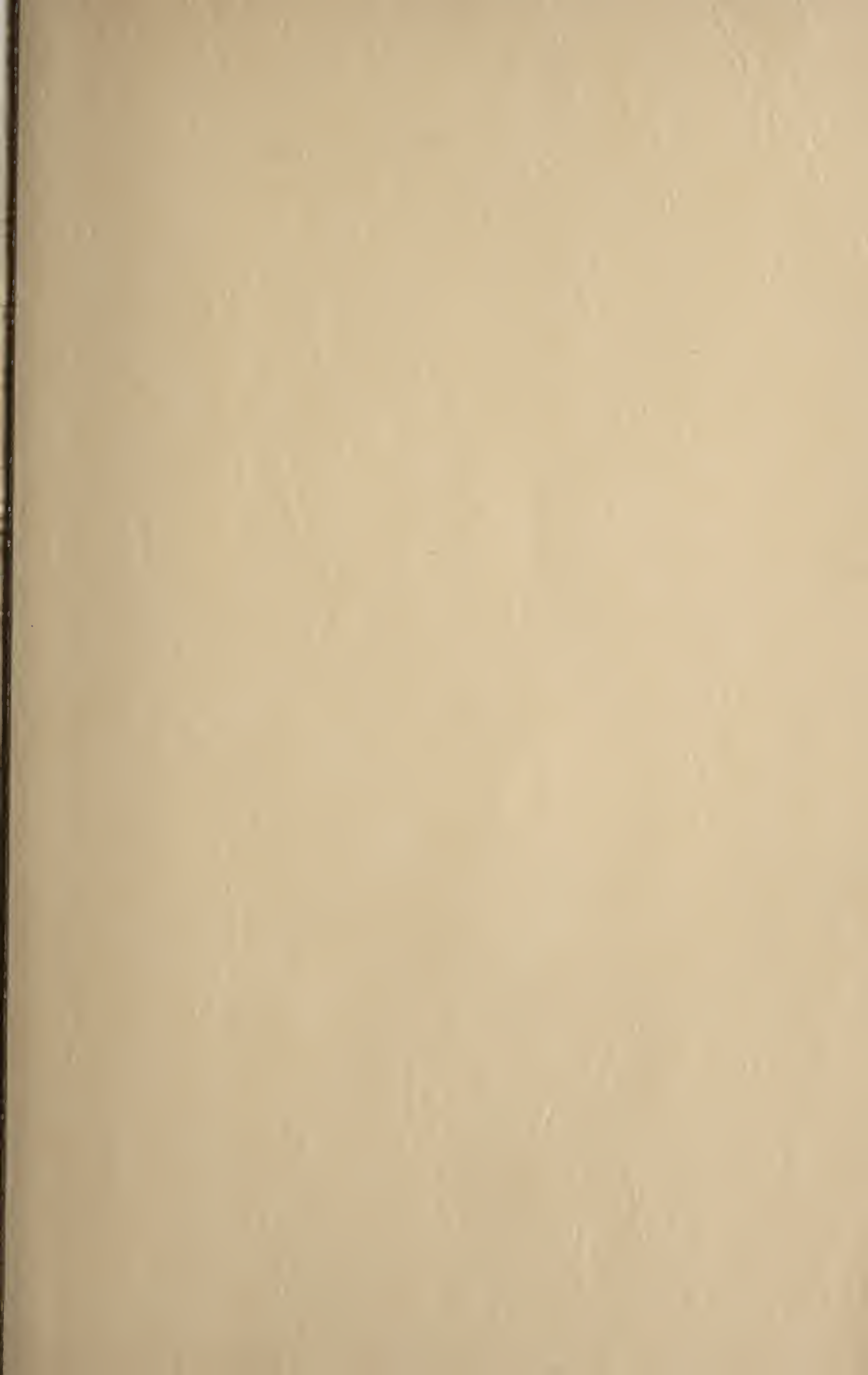






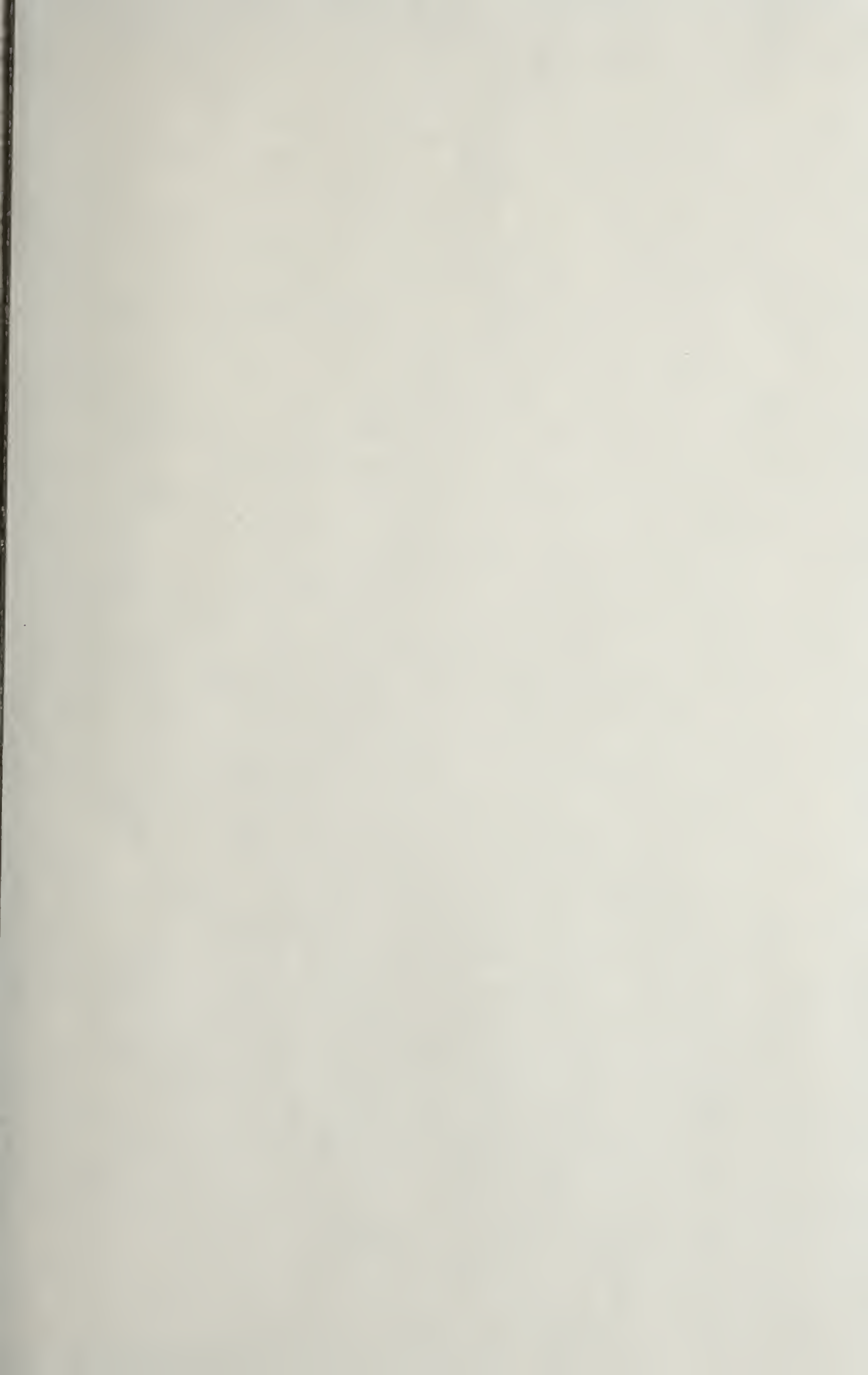
















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